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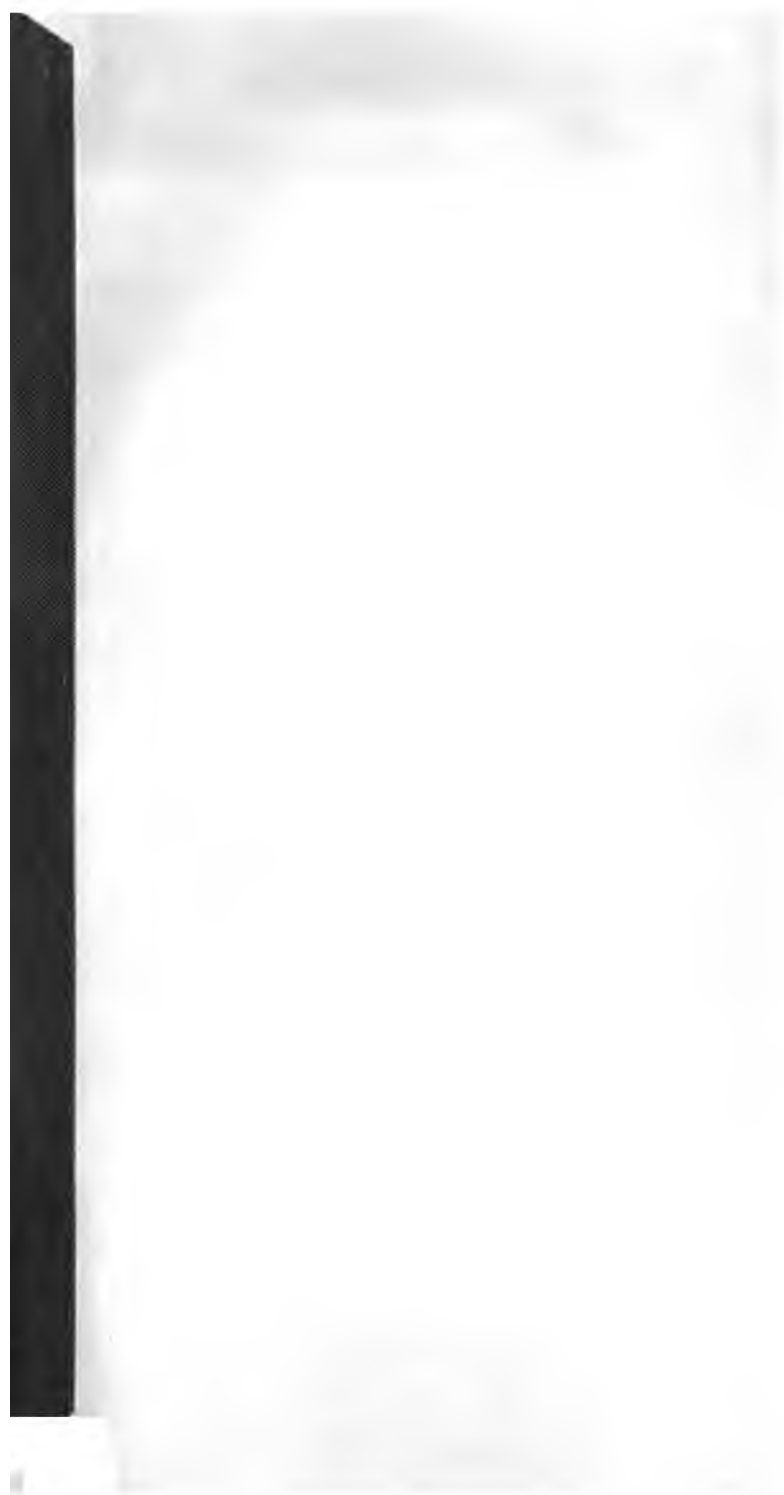
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1797



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CHEAP LIVING:

A

C O M E D Y,

IN FIVE ACTS.

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT

THE THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.

THIRD EDITION.

BY FREDERICK REYNOLDS.

L O N D O N:

PRINTED FOR G. G. AND J. ROBINSON,
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1797

P R O L O G U E.

Written by JOHN TAYLOR, Esq.

SPOKEN by MR. C. KEMBLE.

FROM the Stagyrite fam'd, as a critic profound,
To the carpers who now in our island abound,
It has still been allow'd that to write a good play,
Is a task somewhat hard, whether solemn or gay.
Such indeed was the case when the world was but young,
And from Nature's rough hand bold originals sprung;
'Ere the polish of manners had levell'd each class,
And strong featur'd characters mark'd the whole mass.
Yet a dramatist then, from examples to rise,
Need but just look abroad and take copies from life.
But mankind, since those days, have been sketch'd o'er
and o'er,

And the Stage can but give what it gave you before.
Nay, one mighty genius, with wonderful art
Pervaded our nature, and ransack'd the heart;
Hence the works from his hand are so vivid and true,
That Time can but merely retouch what he drew.
After such a description, if Shakspeare we name,
'Tis but saying what time shall for ever proclaim.
And since then the Stage has exhausted our race,
And has shewn each degree thro' the marvellous space
'Twixt the sage and the fop, and the good and the
base,

A dramatist now can but hold up his glass,
And simply exhibit the times as they pass;
Content to pick up, as he faunters along,
Some anomalous beings, that start from the throng;
And such, we presume, to bring forward to-night:
But our Bard aims at no individual in spite;
He draws from the species, and thinks he may say,
You may find of such beings a tribe every day.

To

P R O L O G U E.

To prevent disappointment, but not to forestall,
To one little hint your attention we call ;
For this 'tis but right we should tell of his plan—
You must fancy a female is really a man ;
Not merely conceal'd in the manly array,
But a man, *bona-fide*, throughout the whole play ;
This we own, as it else might your feelings perplex,
Since she charms you so much in her own proper sex.
And now of this dread—but this merciful court,
A Bard, full of terrors, once more begs support—
Ah! kindly adopt the new brat of his brain,
You have often endur'd him,—endure him again.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Old WOODLAND	-	-	<i>Mr. SUETT.</i>
Young WOODLAND	-		<i>Mr. C. KEMBLE.</i>
SCATTER	-	-	<i>Mr. PALMER.</i>
SPUNGE	-	-	<i>Mr. BANNISTER.</i>
FARMER COLE	-	-	<i>Mr. DOWTON.</i>
WILLIAM	-	-	<i>Mr. TRUEMAN.</i>
Sir EDWARD BLOOMLY	-		<i>Mrs. JORDAN.</i>

Mrs. SCATTER	-	-	<i>Mrs. POPE.</i>
STELLA	-	-	<i>Mrs. STEWART.</i>
ELINOR BLOOMLY	-		<i>Mrs. De CAMP.</i>

SCENE — A SEA-PORT TOWN, AND THE COUNTRY
AROUND IT.

CHEAP LIVING:

A

COMEDY.

ACT I.

An Apartment in old Woodland's House.

SCATTER and Mrs. SCATTER discovered sitting
at a Table.

SCATTER. [*Writing.*]

THREE times five is fifteen — fifteen and twenty two is forty—no—thirty and carry five—and — psha! — I can't nor I wo'n't endure it — a man of my fashion turn steward, clerk, accomptant!

Mrs. SCAT. [*Mending linen.*] And a woman of my fashion turn housekeeper, dairy-maid, stocking-mender! — ah! I'm much obliged to you, Mr. Scatter, for reducing me to this humiliating situation.

SCAT. I reduced you? — 'twas your own imprudence that ruined us — your love of play — your insatiable passion for cassino, hazard, faro — thât drove us from London.

B

Mrs

Mrs. SCAT. How dare you say so, Sir,—when you know your fortune was never injured, by my gaming?

SCAT. Was n't it?—why, did n't you lose thousands night after night?

Mrs. SCAT. Yes: but did I pay them?—was n't I so careful of my husband's money, that I did n't pay even for the cards on which I lost it?—No, Sir—'twas your extravagance that undid us—your buying horses, carriages, and houses.—Oh! if you had been economical—if you had copied my example!

SCAT. Well! I did copy your example—I never paid for them: and if you talk of being economical, what married couple ever lived cheaper than we have done?—The fact is, we never had a shilling: and though each married the other in hopes of making a fortune, you know, when we came to the church, we had n't cash enough to pay the parson's fees.

Mrs. SCAT. I do, Sir: and what signifies wrangling?—if you will but mind your accounts, and adapt yourself to my uncle's pastoral plan of life—come—come—proceed, as we have begun—continue to make him believe we hate London, love retirement, and are a most fond, affectionate, domestic couple.

SCAT. Ah! that's hard work, Kitty.

Mrs. SCAT. It is indeed!—and then to turn shepherds, as he calls me—

SCAT. Ay! to rise at five—dine at three—go to bed at ten—wake at four, and not sleep a wink for the infernal chirruping of the cocks and hens! and all for what?—for the chance of his fortune after his death!—I tell you what—if he don't die soon, I certainly shall.

Mrs.

Mrs. SCAT. Nay — nay — our hopes don't all depend on his death. — The bank — think of his bank in the neighbouring sea-port town — if we can wheedle him out of a share in that —

SCAT. Impossible! — he designs it for his son — or else, that's the very thing — a bank, and I partner in it! — 's life! how I would discount —

Mrs. SCAT. Discount!

SCAT. Ay — my own notes — nobody's else.

Mrs. SCAT. Well! well! — only hide your cloven foot a little longer — don't let him know we left London for debt: and my life on't, the bank and the estate will both be ours — his son has behaved ill abroad: and if he disinherits him —

SCAT. You are his heiress; and then, we'll once more revel in the joys of London — ah! how I do sigh for St. James's-street!

Mrs. SCAT. And I for Bond-street!

SCAT. I for hazard!

Mrs. SCAT. And I for faro — oh, my dear dear husband! — you've set me on the rack; and, though there are no cards in the house, can't we invent some game? — stop — here's my uncle! we've another game to play now — remember we're a loving man and wife.

SCAT. I will — we're a loving man and wife.
[*Both sitting down.*]

Enter OLD WOODLAND.

WOOD. There they sit — fond happy pair! — Good morning to you both — well! — not tired of the country yet!

Mrs. SCAT. No, Sir — here we enjoy health

B 2

and

and content — but in London — oh ! I was never free from the heart-ache. [*Working.*]

SCAT. Nor I from the head-ache — Carry over — 32-12-5. [*Writing.*]

WOOD. Poor souls ! — But have you left no friends you wish to see ? — I dare say, now, Mr. Scatter was much sought after in London.

SCAT. Sought after ! yes — I was, Sir ; but then it was by people I wished to get rid of — by rude — unpolished — sum total 82-4-6.

WOOD. Rude ! — ah, there's modern manners for you — that's the reason I hate London — never go near it, or see any body that comes from it — Ha ! ha ! — it's very droll — but I know so little of what's going forward in the metropolis, that you and my niece might have quarrelled all day, and gambled all night, and I been ne'er the wiser — you might indeed — ha ! ha !

Mrs. SCAT. Ha ! ha ! — that's very good — I and my dear husband quarrel and game !

WOOD. Not that I suppose such a thing ; no ! I believe you're a pattern of all that's correct and regular — but I've no correspondents — I see no company, and don't even take in a newspaper. — Come — egad ! now you're come down, I think, I must humour you there — I must take in a newspaper.

Mrs. SCAT. Do : I should like it of all things.

SCAT. So should I — I'm very fond of reading the law reports and the debates.

WOOD. Are you ? — then curse me, if I wonder at your having the head-ache — I never read either, but it brings on a giddiness directly.

Enter

Enter a Servant.

SERVANT. Sir—Sir—my young master is just arrived from France.

WOOD. My son?

SERV. Yes, Sir—he is now at the park gate.

WOOD. Then let him stay there—tell him I say so—we'll have no modern manners here—stop—I'll tell him myself.

Mrs. SCAT. What's the matter, uncle?—how has your son offended you?

WOOD. Read that letter—that's all; read that letter—I send him to Marseilles to visit his uncle, and see how he passes his time! read.

Mrs. SCATTER [*reading the letter.*]

“Dear Brother,

“Since my last, your son has been absent from my house a fortnight; and after searching in vain for him all over Marseilles, I at last found him living at a small inn in the neighbouring forest, with an English girl, whom he had betrayed under a promise of marriage.—I soon separated them: but he secretly returned to the inn; and finding her gone, he has pursued her to England—this is his history——”

Old WOOD. Ay, there—there—after the pains I have taken with him, to have him turn out the character I of all others detest—a man of intrigue—a man of fashion—

Mrs. SCAT. Nay, this is nothing new—your son was always of a gallant disposition; and when he visited us in London, we were actually

obliged to lock up our ward Stella, to prevent his carrying her off.

SCATTER. 'Tis very true, Sir: and I should be forry to prejudice you more against him; but had you seen the deligning glances he threw at my wife—

Old WOOD. What! — would the scoundrel have marred your domestic happiness?

SCAT. I'm not apt to be jealous—far from it, Sir—if your son had taken my wife to a forest, I shou'dn't have felt one jealous pang—should I, my life?

Mrs. SCAT. No — that you wou'd'nt, my soul;—but when a couple is so happy—

WOOD. It ought to be death to him that parts them!—Oh the reprobate! why, here's a pretty fellow to manage a bank—

SCAT. What did you say, Sir? — manage your bank!

WOOD. Yes:—I meant to make him a partner.

SCAT. Oh, my dear Sir, that will never do! — your interest will be exhausted in the purlicus of Covent Garden, and your principal in the Court of King's Bench, and Doctors' Commons:—however, don't judge too hastily, Sir—hear what he has to say.

WOOD. I will: I'll go directly, and my niece shall accompany me—come:—Oh! Mr. Scatter, as you're my new steward, you know, I've a little business for you to transact forty miles off:—Ah! I see you're angry, niece—I see you can't bear being separated two whole days from the darling object of your affection.

Mrs. SCAT. Oh Sir! — I'm ever ready to sacrifice my own happiness, to promote yours.

WOOD.

WOOD. Kind, disinterested creature! — well — 'tis about purchasing an estate, Mr. Scatter; and if you'll come to my study in half an hour, I'll give you full instructions and plenty — plenty of deposit money —.

SCAT. Will you, Sir? — Oh! these will be rare holidays — farewell, Kitty.

WOOD. Farewell, Kitty! — [*mimicking*] What! is that all — when you're going to part for two long days? — come, come, don't let me to spoil sport — salute her.

Mrs. SCAT. Sir, we never do, upon my honour.

SCAT. Never, upon my soul, Sir: — 'sdeath! — I hav'n't kiss'd her since the honey-moon.
[*aside.*]

WOOD. Psha! — don't I know you are panting to embrace each other? — come — [*Mr. and Mrs. Scatter kiss each other, and turn away in disgust.*] — There — there's connubial happiness! Oh! I wish my reprobate son had seen this; — who, who would be a rake, when such are the joys of matrimonial love? [*Exeunt.*]

Scene a Farm House, and view of the sea.

Enter STELLA.

STEL. So — while my guardian and his wife are engaged in their new occupations of steward and housekeeper, I've stole forth to visit my dear Elinor. — I wonder what can induce a girl of her rank and fortune to live in this sequestered spot; but whenever I touch on the subject, I see it agitates her, and therefore I'll distress her no more: — ha! — somebody's coming — I'll enter the house, and, in partaking her society, enjoy the only

only gratification I now know. [*Exit into the Farm House.*]

Enter Mr. SCATTER, and ELINOR BLOOMLY.

SCAT. I tell you you're the very thing—I'm going a dull journey, and want an agreeable companion in a post-chaise—come now—I'll bring you safe back, and we'll have such a loving excursion——

ELINOR. This from a stranger! — leave me, I insist, Sir.

SCAT. You're wrong — upon my soul, you're wrong: for I give you fair notice—I never failed with a woman in my life: and in this retired spot, where we both want society—

ELINOR. I want no society — I am dependent on myself, and feel more happiness in a quiet communion with my own heart, than in the noisy intercourse of mankind. — I dare to live alone.

SCAT. Dare to live alone! — 'gad! that's bold work; for though I'm very fond of myself, I can't stay a moment by myself —

ELINOR. No, Sir — because you have perhaps committed actions you cannot bear to reflect on; and therefore you fly to dissipation — game, drink, and insult unprotected women, only to keep yourself from yourself. — Go on, Sir; and to loss of peace, add loss of health, and at last, loss of sense and honour.

SCAT. Loss of sense!

ELINOR. Ay: how oft is madness the result of vice? — I have myself committed errors never to be obliterated; but I sought not relief by heaping crime on crime — no — I have combated
mis-

misfortune by penitence, resignation, and dignified retirement. — Farewell, Sir, and copy my example. [*Exit into Farm House.*]

SCAT. Well said morality — well said Joseph! — Ay: I see through all this — this is some girl who has passed a month or two at the neighbouring watering place, where by reading novels all the morning, and rattling the dice-box all the evening, her mind has been so completely debauched, that the first man that attacked her, found the business ready done to his hands — oh! ten marching regiments wo'n't corrupt so many women in twenty years, as one watering place will in one summer — however she has confessed her guilt, and therefore — [*As he is entering the house, Farmer Cole meets him.*]

FARM. Well! who beest thou? — and what do'st thee want?

SCAT. Want! — I want that pretty girl —

FARM. Rot'un — I thought so — like the rest of the young squires hereabout! — all hunting after my new lodger.

SCAT. Your lodger!

FARM. Yees: — she landed here from France — her father died at Montpelier, and so she lodges at my house, till her brother do come to fetch her home.

SCAT. Her brother fetch her! — and pray who the devil's he?

FARM. Why, I think she do call him Sir Edward Bloomly.

SCAT. Sir Edward! — a baronet's sister! — ha! ha! — well said Joseph again! — I know the young profligate —

FARM. Do ye? — well! — it do puzzle me how his sister should travel alone from foreign parts:

parts: but she says her servant died on the road—and then she pays me my rent—that's all I care about—she pays me my money.

SCAT. She pays!—pooh!—Sir Edward pays. Don't you see she's in keeping? and therefore as I want a companion in a post-chaise, I'll go and convince her —

FARM. [*Stopping him.*] Softly—before you pass the gate, wo'n't you pay the toll-gatherer?

SCAT. Hah!—what do you mean?

FARM. Mean!—that I do live within two miles of a sea-bathing town; and when a Londoner do come amongst us, we make it a rule that he sha'n't walk, talk, or breathe, without paying handsomely for it.

SCAT. Indeed!—that's very kind of you.

FARM. We mean it so—we mean it kind: for we do know you bring a certain sum to lay out in jaunting and idleness; and the sooner that's got rid of, the sooner you go home to your families and business.

SCAT. True: and the sooner I dispose of the deposit money, the sooner I shall return to my wife and the squire.—So—here—and now for the baronet's sister.

FARM. Hauld—hauld—there be company with her now; but if you come in the evening, she'll be alone.—

SCAT. Right—and I've no carriage ready—so I'll go to the town—get my dinner, and return in two hours—hah—who comes here?

COACHMAN. [*without.*] Our fare, master—we will have our fare.

SPUNGE [*without.*] There—can you change a hundred pound note, you scoundrels?

FARM. [*aside*] Change a hundred pound note!—why, it can't be—yees, it is!—[*looking out*]—
the

the very fellow who last summer introduced himself to me and my wife; and though we laboured night and day to get him out of our house, icod! he did breakfast, dine, and sup wi' us for a whole month together.

SPUNGE [*without.*] Natural enough — no change? — I owe it you — I owe it you.

FARM. There — he owes it them — he can't pay the fare of his stage coach, and is coming to borrow of me — how shall I shake the rascal off? — I have it — I'll fix him on the Londoner — [*aside*] — Sir — do'st know this gentleman?

SCAT. Not I — he seems a strange creature — who is he?

FARM. His name be Spunge — he be son of one of your London tradesfolk, and is so good tempered — tells such stories, and sings such songs, that he be welcome every where! Then he'll shew thee how to live cheap!

SCAT. Will he? — that's the very thing I want to know — I'll talk to him.

FARM. Doey — doey — ha! ha! I've got rid of him — ha! ha! — I'll mark the end on't — I'll see one cockney make a fool of the other — [*going up stage.*]

Enter SPUNGE followed by two Coachmen.

First COACHM. Come, come: the twelve shillings! or else — [*laying hold of him.*]

SPUNGE. If you can't change a hundred pound note, I owe it you — I owe it you — [*sees Scatter*] — Oh, this is lucky — this gentleman, perhaps — will you be so kind, Sir? — cash a hundred pounds, Sir?

SCAT. I really hav'n't so much cash about me, or else —

SPUNGE. As you say — not so much gold — but plenty of silver — so be good enough — just give these men twelve shillings — thank ye, Sir — under infinite obligations — here, rascals — take your money from this gentleman — take it, I say. — [*Scatter, after some hesitation, pays it.*] — There — begone! — [*Coachmen exeunt*] — eternally obliged — for ever indebted — never re-pay you — but your name — favour me with your name — to whom am I debtor? — [*taking out a pocket-book.*]

SCAT. My name is Scatter — Richard Scatter, Sir: but never think of it — I don't mind a guinea or two — particularly when they're not my own.

SPUNGE. "Richard Scatter" — [*writing it down*] — debtor twelve shillings — psha! can't remember silver — give me nine shillings — that will make it a guinea — then neither of us will forget it — [*takes the money*] — and your house — where's your house, Dick?

SCAT. I have no house — I'm on a visit.

SPUNGE. A visit! — Oh! — a saving scheme — natural enough — that's right, Dick — live on your friends. — Well — what are their names?

SCAT. Why, if you must know, I'm on a visit at Woodland Grove.

SPUNGE. Woodland Grove! — know it well — be with you in an hour. — What time do you dine?

SCAT. Dine! — oh, you must excuse me there — Mr. Woodland is a man who sees no company.

SPUNGE. Don't distress yourself — don't let him put himself out of the way on my account — plainest eater in the world — mutton, beef, veal, all the same to me — only rather particular
in

in my wine—must have Burgundy—always drink Burgundy, and iced—mind it's iced, Dick.

SCAT. Very likely: but I am not at my own house,—and Mr. Woodland is, of all men——

SPUNGE. The man I wish to know—how are the beds?—*[walks up stage.]*

SCAT. Beds!—curse the fellow!—I can't help laughing at his impudence!—Why, Farmer, is this shewing me how to live cheap?

FARM. Ye'es—it's the way he taught me last summer—ha! ha!—I'm main glad on't—I've got rid of him—good day, measter.

SPUNGE *[meeting Cole.]* What, Cole?—how's your wife, Cole?—sorry I can't stay to dine with you—engaged with this gentleman—but supper—be with you to supper—you know my way—free and easy—never wait for an invitation—come, Dick. *[Taking Scatter's arm.]*

SCAT. No, Sir—I beg I mayn't deprive your friend of the pleasure of your company—the truth is, I am not going to dine at Woodland Grove.

SPUNGE. No!

SCAT. No—I mean to dine alone at the hotel——

SPUNGE. Better and better—hate large parties—never get any thing hot or good—women eat all the choice bits—fat of venifon, backs of hares, and liver-wings of fowls—like a tête-à-tête dinner—so come, Dick.

FARM. *[aside to Scatter.]* You may as well go at once—he wo'n't quit thee.

SCAT. So it seems; and as I hate dining alone, I'll indulge him—Mind now, I shall return in a couple of hours, and let there be nobody in the
house;

house; for if the lady is refractory, we'll combine and force her —

FARM. I understand — I'll be ready — good day, measter Spunge; and na doey — doey, for once in your life, pay your reckoning, will ye?

SPUNGE. Pay my reckoning! — who does it better? — Don't I sing a good song? — and am I to pipe and pay too? — no — let the dull dogs pay the piper. — Be with you to supper, Cole. — Come, Dick: and after a bottle or two of Burgundy, I'll give you a specimen — “Come, jolly Bacchus, &c.”
[*Exeunt.*]

END OF ACT THE FIRST.

A C T II.

SCENE—*An Apartment in Old Woodland's House—
Glas Doors in the flat Scene, and the Garden
seen through them.—Table with Tea, &c. upon
it—Sideboard with Fruit upon it.*

Enter Old and Young WOODLAND.

Old WOODLAND.

WHY, zounds, Sir! you don't pretend to love the lady in the forest still?

Young WOOD. Not love her, Sir!—Why did I leave Marfeilles?—why travel night and day in the pursuit of her?—why, but to tell her, my uncle caused our separation, entreat her pardon, and never leave her more?

Old WOOD. Never leave her!—but for your uncle then, you would have married her?—you would have disgraced your family, Sir?

Young WOOD. Disgraced my family!—what! by acting like a man of honour, Sir?

Old WOOD. Honour! there now!—he has got all the fashionable words—Look ye, Sir—; if you had had less honour and more honesty, you would not have seduced the girl at all;—but come—I've all a father's weakness about me; and if you will but give up the pursuit, and marry a rich widow—

Young WOOD. Marry another, Sir!—

Old WOOD. Ay, why not, Sir?

Young WOOD. Never!—She sacrificed every thing to me; and if so poor an offer as my hand,
can

can wipe away her tears, shall I refuse it? — no Sir — I'm not the hardened villain you think me.

Old Wood. You are; and you'll break your old father's heart; — come now, Tom — do oblige me — do marry the widow, and forget —

Young Wood. Sir, you have ever been a fond indulgent parent, and it cuts me to the soul to disobey you; but if we meet again, not e'en for you, will I a second time desert a girl, whom love and gratitude for ever bind me to.

Old Wood. Mighty well, Sir! — then with all this pure love, how came you to be seen walking arm in arm with Stella — now, not half an hour ago — near farmer Cole's house?

Young Wood. I met her there by accident —

Old Wood. Don't tell me — She was locked up in London on your account; and if you come here to interrupt the domestic happiness of my niece and her husband — Why, what do you smile at, Sir?

Young Wood. Sir, I beg your pardon, but —

Old Wood. I say their domestic happiness — Mr. Scatter is now gone to purchase an estate for me — I've given him plenty of deposit money; and had you seen the affectionate parting between him and his wife! — Oh, there was conjugal love — there — [*Young W. laughs.*] What! again? — begone — leave the room, Sir,

Young Wood. Sir, I —

Old Wood. No reply — begone — and hark ye, Sir, — if you don't reform, I may chance to reward them with the bank and the estate; — no man of intrigue — no man of fashion, shall be my heir — you comprehend — begone! [*Young Woodland exits*] yes — yes — Mr. Scatter understands business; — he is domestic, sober, and industrious;

duffrious : and since I am too old to manage the bank myself, and this rogue of a son is unfit for the office, I can't select a better partner — [*sits down to tea*] — ay — ay — Mr. Scatter may be trusted.

SPUNGE. [*without*] Dick's not come home, you say?

Old Wood. Ha ! who's this ?

SPUNGE. [*without*] Don't mind me — I'll find my way — [*enters*] Ha ! Squire ! how are you, Squire — ? tea on the table ! — the very thing ! — after wine, nothing like fouchong — [*sits down — takes cup and saucer, &c.*]

Old Wood. Amazing ! — who can it be ?

SPUNGE. [*putting sugar into his tea-cup.*] Long wished for the honour of your acquaintance, Squire — sorry I couldn't come to dinner — now I've found my way — often pop in at pudding time — [*eating some bread and butter.*] — get better butter, though — don't like your butter — [*sipping his tea*] — your tea too ! — not half strong enough ! [*emptying the canister into the pot.*]

Old Wood. Hollo ! — what the devil are you about ?

SPUNGE. So — Dick Scatter's not come home ! — drunken rascal !

Old Wood. Drunken rascal ! — who ? — what ? — Mr. Scatter ?

SPUNGE. We dined at the hotel — tossed down four bottles of Burgundy — Dick reeled off an hour ago, and I came here to pay a short visit. — No cream ! — now you're up, ring the bell. (*Old Woodland is seated at this time.*)

Old Wood. Ring the bell ! — why, what is all this ? — Mr. Scatter dine at the hotel ! — answer me, Sir ! — do you say you know Mr. Scatter ?

D

SPUNGE.

SPUNGE. Known him these twenty years — a right good fellow Dick is — lives fast, drinks hard, plays deep: — and then he told me a new mode of raising money.

Old WOOD. Did he? — what was it?

SPUNGE. Why, he told me — ring for some toast, will you?

Old WOOD. Psha! — I insist — what is his new mode of raising money?

SPUNGE. You shall hear — pay court to an old relation — get employed to purchase an estate — touch the deposit money, and spend it on women and Burgundy — [*Enter Mrs. Scatter.*] — How d'ye do? how d'ye do?

Mrs. SCAT. Sir — [*Unobserving.*] — Pray, uncle, who is this gentleman?

Old WOOD. Why, don't you know him? — he has been acquainted with your husband these twenty years — they dined together at the hotel, and drank Burgundy with my deposit money.

Mrs. SCAT. Impossible! — Mr. Scatter has no such acquaintance — [*Sponge nods to her*] — what do you nod at me for? — I never saw you —

SPUNGE. Oh! what! you cut, do you? — You don't remember, I used to see you at Lady Red-figure's, punting and cocking, and — I say, Squire — you go halves, I suppose.

Old WOOD. Go halves, Sir!

SPUNGE. She keeps a faro bank, and you divide the profits — 'pon my soul, you've dressed your character admirably — you look more like a flat, than a sharp — ha! ha! — natural enough — but I can't stay — engaged to sup at Farmer Cole's, and never break an appointment — my

next visit shall be longer — [*Puts some peaches in his pocket.*] — adieu!

Mrs. SCAT. Sir, I insist on your staying —

Old WOOD. And so do I — I insist you don't leave my house, till —

SPUNGE. There — this is always the case — never go any where, they don't insist on my staying — don't despair — I'll give you enough of my company — To-morrow! — let me see — where do I dine to-morrow? oh — here! — I'll dine here.

Old WOOD. Will you? — I should like to see you.

SPUNGE. I know it. — I know you'll like to see me; and, therefore, I'll be here at four — punctually at four — and d'ye mind — Burgundy — I always drink Burgundy — and some trout — get some trout — the red trout — damn all others! — Squire, yours — Lady Redfigure, yours — she may cut, but I'll come again — “Come, jolly Bacchus, &c.” [*Exit.*]

Old WOOD. I'm petrified — I'm — but I'll follow him, and —

Mrs. SCAT. Don't trouble yourself — I see through the whole trick — he is employed by your son.

Old WOOD. My son!

Mrs. SCAT. You heard him say he was going to Farmer Cole's — the very place where Mr. Woodland was seen with Stella; — and it is evidently a conspiracy to ruin me and my dear husband.

Enter a SERVANT.

SERV. A letter for Miss Stella, Madam.

Mrs. SCAT. Oh! — this may, perhaps, give further information — [*Opens letter, and reads.*]

D 2

“Dear

SPUNGE. As you say — not so much gold — but plenty of silver — so be good enough — just give these men twelve shillings — thank ye, Sir — under infinite obligations — here, rascals — take your money from this gentleman — take it, I say. — [*Scatter, after some hesitation, pays it.*] — There — begone! — [*Coachmen exeunt*] — eternally obliged — for ever indebted — never re-pay you — but your name — favour me with your name — to whom am I debtor? — [*taking out a pocket-book.*]

SCAT. My name is Scatter — Richard Scatter, Sir: but never think of it — I don't mind a guinea or two — particularly when they're not my own.

SPUNGE. "Richard Scatter" — [*writing it down*] — debtor twelve shillings — psha! can't remember silver — give me nine shillings — that will make it a guinea — then neither of us will forget it — [*takes the money*] — and your house — where's your house, Dick?

SCAT. I have no house — I'm on a visit.

SPUNGE. A visit! — Oh! — a saving scheme — natural enough — that's right, Dick — live on your friends. — Well — what are their names?

SCAT. Why, if you must know, I'm on a visit at Woodland Grove.

SPUNGE. Woodland Grove! — know it well — be with you in an hour. — What time do you dine?

SCAT. Dine! — oh, you must excuse me there — Mr. Woodland is a man who sees no company.

SPUNGE. Don't distress yourself — don't let him put himself out of the way on my account — plainest eater in the world — mutton, beef, veal, all the same to me — only rather particular
in

in my wine—must have Burgundy—always drink Burgundy, and iced—mind it's iced, Dick.

SCAT. Very likely: but I am not at my own house,—and Mr. Woodland is, of all men——

SPUNGE. The man I wish to know—how are the beds?—*[walks up stage.]*

SCAT. Beds!—curse the fellow!—I can't help laughing at his impudence!—Why, Farmer, is this shewing me how to live cheap?

FARM. Yees—it's the way he taught me last summer—ha! ha!—I'm main glad on't—I've got rid of him—good day, measter.

SPUNGE *[meeting Cole.]* What, Cole?—how's your wife, Cole?—sorry I can't stay to dine with you—engaged with this gentleman—but supper—be with you to supper—you know my way—free and easy—never wait for an invitation—come, Dick. *[Taking Scatter's arm.]*

SCAT. No, Sir—I beg I mayn't deprive your friend of the pleasure of your company—the truth is, I am not going to dine at Woodland Grove.

SPUNGE. No!

SCAT. No—I mean to dine alone at the hotel——

SPUNGE. Better and better—hate large parties—never get any thing hot or good—women eat all the choice bits—fat of venison, backs of hares, and liver-wings of fowls—like a tête-à-tête dinner—so come, Dick.

FARM. *[aside to Scatter.]* You may as well go at once—he wo'n't quit thee.

SCAT. So it seems; and as I hate dining alone, I'll indulge him—Mind now, I shall return in a couple of hours, and let there be nobody in the house;

house ; for if the lady is refractory, we'll combine and force her ——

FARM. I understand — I'll be ready — good day, measter Spunge ; and na doey — doey, for once in your life, pay your reckoning, will ye ?

SPUNGE. Pay my reckoning ! — who does it better ? — Don't I sing a good song ? — and am I to pipe and pay too ? — no — let the dull dogs pay the piper. — Be with you to supper, Cole. — Come, Dick : and after a bottle or two of Burgundy, I'll give you a specimen — “ Come, jolly Bacchus, &c.”
[*Exeunt.*]

END OF ACT THE FIRST.

A C T II.

SCENE—*An Apartment in Old Woodland's House—
Glas Doors in the flat Scene, and the Garden
seen through them.—Table with Tea, &c. upon
it—Sideboard with Fruit upon it.*

Enter Old and Young WOODLAND.

Old WOODLAND.

WHY, zounds, Sir! you don't pretend to love the lady in the forest still?

Young WOOD. Not love her, Sir! — Why did I leave Marseilles? — why travel night and day in the pursuit of her? — why, but to tell her, my uncle caused our separation, entreat her pardon, and never leave her more?

Old WOOD. Never leave her! — but for your uncle then, you would have married her? — you would have disgraced your family, Sir?

Young WOOD. Disgraced my family! — what! by acting like a man of honour, Sir?

Old WOOD. Honour! there now! — he has got all the fashionable words — Look ye, Sir —; if you had had less honour and more honesty, you would not have seduced the girl at all; — but come — I've all a father's weakness about me; and if you will but give up the pursuit, and marry a rich widow —

Young WOOD. Marry another, Sir! —

Old WOOD. Ay, why not, Sir?

Young WOOD. Never! — She sacrificed every thing to me; and if so poor an offer as my hand,

can

can wipe away her tears, shall I refuse it? — no Sir — I'm not the hardened villain you think me.

Old Wood. You are; and you'll break your old father's heart; — come now, Tom — do oblige me — do marry the widow, and forget —

Young Wood. Sir, you have ever been a fond indulgent parent, and it cuts me to the soul to disobey you; but if we meet again, not e'en for you, will I a second time desert a girl, whom love and gratitude for ever bind me to.

Old Wood. Mighty well, Sir! — then with all this pure love, how came you to be seen walking arm in arm with Stella — now, not half an hour ago — near farmer Cole's house?

Young Wood. I met her there by accident —

Old Wood. Don't tell me — She was locked up in London on your account; and if you come here to interrupt the domestic happiness of my niece and her husband — Why, what do you smile at, Sir?

Young Wood. Sir, I beg your pardon, but —

Old Wood. I say their domestic happiness — Mr. Scatter is now gone to purchase an estate for me — I've given him plenty of deposit money; and had you seen the affectionate parting between him and his wife! — Oh, there was conjugal love — there — [*Young W. laughs.*] What! again? — begone — leave the room, Sir.

Young Wood. Sir, I —

Old Wood. No reply — begone — and hark ye, Sir, — if you don't reform, I may chance to reward them with the bank and the estate; — no man of intrigue — no man of fashion, shall be my heir — you comprehend — begone! [*Young Woodland exit*] yes — yes — Mr. Scatter understands business; — he is domestic, sober, and industrious;

dustrious : and since I am too old to manage the bank myself, and this rogue of a son is unfit for the office, I can't select a better partner — [*sits down to tea*] — ay — ay — Mr. Scatter may be trusted.

SPUNGE. [*without*] Dick's not come home, you say?

Old Wood. Ha ! who's this ?

SPUNGE. [*without*] Don't mind me — I'll find my way — [*enters*] Ha ! Squire ! how are you, Squire — ? tea on the table ! — the very thing ! — after wine, nothing like fouchong — [*sits down — takes cup and saucer, &c.*]

Old Wood. Amazing ! — who can it be ?

SPUNGE. [*putting sugar into his tea-cup.*] Long wished for the honour of your acquaintance, Squire — sorry I couldn't come to dinner — now I've found my way — often pop in at pudding time — [*eating some bread and butter.*] — get better butter, though — don't like your butter — [*sipping his tea*] — your tea too ! — not half strong enough ! [*emptying the canister into the pot.*]

Old Wood. Hollo ! — what the devil are you about ?

SPUNGE. So — Dick Scatter's not come home ! — drunken rascal !

Old Wood. Drunken rascal ! — who ? — what ? — Mr. Scatter ?

SPUNGE. We dined at the hotel — tossed down four bottles of Burgundy — Dick reeled off an hour ago, and I came here to pay a short visit. — No cream ! — now you're up, ring the bell. (*Old Woodland is seated at this time.*)

Old Wood. Ring the bell ! — why, what is all this ? — Mr. Scatter dine at the hotel ! — answer me, Sir ! — do you say you know Mr. Scatter ?

D

SPUNGE.

“ Dear Stella,

“ If you love me as you profess, meet me
“ at Farmer Cole’s house directly—I have some-
“ thing particular to communicate.”

There—they’re all gone to hatch mischief together.

Old Wood. [*Looking at the letter.*] Why, this is not Tom’s hand!

Mrs. SCAT. Very likely: but who else can it come from?—however, this is no time for parleying—in Mr. Scatter’s absence, I must go and look after his ward——

Old Wood. Stay—I’ll go with you: and if I find Tom at the farm-house—if I find he is concerned in the conspiracy, I’ll disinheret him; and, as for his companion——

Mrs. SCAT. Oh, he is only an agent.

Old. WOOD. No matter—in fashionable life, it may be termed good breeding, to come uninvited to your house, and eat, drink, and pocket your property—but I’m a magistrate, and know what the law is—If a man steals your wife, you can only bring an action against him; but, if he snares your game, or robs your orchard—oh! those are real, serious injuries! and his neck—his neck ought to answer for them! [*Exeunt.*]

An apartment in Farmer Cole’s House, a door in flat scene—Table with candles on it.

Enter ELINOR and STELLA.

STELLA. Yes—I had set out before your letter arrived—What were the contents, Elinor?

ELINOR.

ELINOR. I wrote to you for advice, Stella — my brother promised to be here yesterday; and when he knows, that, in consequence of my servant's death, I am left alone and unprotected —

STELLA. Well — well — Yorkshire is a long way off.

ELINOR. It is: but I fear, Stella —

STELLA. What, my friend?

ELINOR. That he is angry with me — that he will upbraid — abandon me.

STELLA. Abandon you! — for what? — hark! I hear a carriage! — perhaps it's he! — [*Looking out.*] — see! — a post-chaise and four — no — as I live, it's my guardian!

ELINOR. The very man that insulted me — what can he want?

STELLA. What, indeed? — perhaps your letter has fallen into his hands, and he is come to take me away — here — let's step into this room, and observe. [*They enter door in flat scene.*]

Enter SCATTER drunk, and FARMER COLE.

SCAT. Oh! I left him at the hotel, pouring down Burgundy — he's a drunken rascal, and not fit company for a regular, steady, sober banker.

FARM. Banker! — odratun! — what be'est thee a banker?

SCAT. No — not yet: but I shall be in a day or two; and then, Farmer, if you've any loose money, I'll take care of it for you.

FARM. Will ye?

SCAT. I'll act fairly by you: and to prove it, if you'll be my customer, I'll be yours — put
your

your money into my bank, and I'll buy all my hay and corn of you—you take me—that's mutual accommodation.

FARM. I see — thee'll buy my corn, and pay me with my own money.

SCAT. No — you're wrong — I'll not pay for it with any body's money?—where's Miss Bloomly?

FARM. Mum! — she's in that room.

SCAT. Then she's mine, and——

FARM. [*Stopping him.*] Hauld — hauld — you forgot one thing — in case she's obstrepulous, hadn't you better bribe the post-boys?

SCAT. Right: we must have our charioteers in our interest, so we'll go instruct them— [*Takes out a purse.*] — we'll go deposit some more of Old Woodland's deposit money — damme! I must buy the estate a bargain; at least, I can't give much for it, because I sha'n't have much left to give!

FARM. I say, though, measter — I hope you'll bring my lodger safe home again.

SCAT. I will, as I'm a man of honour; and when she knows who I am, Farmer? — oh! what woman will refuse a banker?

FARM. Why, many — for in general your bankers be n't over young.

SCAT. What then? — Love has it's price, my boy: — and which is most able to buy the best commodity — a rich old banker, or a poor young man of fashion? — the city is the great commercial market; and you may take your path of this, Farmer — that while one heart is lost in St. James's-street, there are fifty sold in Lombard-street. — Come along — oh, this is life! — this is glorious!

[*Exeunt.*

ELINOR

ELINOR and STELLA *come forward.*

ELINOR. What's to be done? — Dragged from my retreat! — forced away by villains! — Oh, my brother! — Why are you not near to protect me?

STELLA. Why, indeed? — Poor girl! — what will become of her? — Is there no way to escape? — Where does this door lead to?

ELINOR. It leads to the back gate, and there's our only hope. — Come, Stella.

SPUNGE [*Without.*] "Come, jolly Bacchus," &c. [*Singing.*]

ELINOR. 'Tis in vain: — one of them is coming this way.

STELLA. So there is. — He's coming to force her into the carriage. — Don't be frightened, Elinor: — we'll stand or fall together.

Enter SPUNGE.

SPUNGE. Cole! — holloa, Cole! — What! no cloth laid? — no preparation for supper? — Here's treatment! — invite a man to his house, and provide nothing for him! — Ha! [*Sees Elinor and Stella.*] — A party, I suppose: — a rural rout! — and we're to sup in the best room: — sup in style. — How d'ye do? — How d'ye do? [*Advancing, and nodding.*]

STELLA. Keep off, I insist, Sir.

SPUNGE. Few people of rank in this part of the world — indeed not a soul but myself. — However I shall have a companion now. — Sir Edward Bloemly is arrived! — just 'lighted at the hotel.

STELLA. Sir Edward arrived! — There's joyful news, Elinor.

SPUNGE.

SPUNGE. Don't know him? — soon shall! — Then I'll introduce you. — Hem! — How we stare, and smile, and ogle! — Love at first sight! natural enough!

STELLA. Nay, if we can but extricate ourselves from this brute — Suppose we try to pass him? — Sir, with your leave —

SPUNGE. And, Miss, with your leave, I'll conduct you to the supper-room. [*Offering to take her hand.*] — Don't be alarmed — I'll be merciful. — I'll pity you: — by all that's tender, I'll pity you.

STELLA. Pity us! — Why, surely, we can't be mistaken. — Perhaps he is n't one of the party. — I'll ask him. — Sir, did you or did you not come here with Mr. Scatter?

SPUNGE. With Dick? — What! is Dick in this house? — Oh, the drunken rascal! — This is where he reeled to! — I'll have him out. — Dick!

[*Calling him.*]

STELLA. Ay, call him, Sir! — Call him to complete your infamous designs: — to triumph o'er a poor defenceless woman! — Oh, Elinor! — he shall not force you from me.

SPUNGE. Force her?

STELLA. Yes, Sir; force her from this house. And you would join in the dishonourable transaction? — You would assist —

SPUNGE. Oh, no! — not I.

STELLA. What! wo'n't you? — Wo'n't you take part against us?

SPUNGE. No: — I came here to eat a good supper; and, curse me, if I spoil my appetite! — I wish to live cheap, not unhappily.

STELLA. Indeed! — Will you befriend us, then?

SPUNGE.

SPUNGE. To be sure I will.— Love the whole sex.— If they've faults to others, they've none to me.— Men say they're expensive:— I never found them so; for, though I can't always coax them out of their affections, I'm sure to wheedle them out of good dinners!— and then, they laugh, and call me the pantry lover.— Ha! ha! the pantry lover! — natural enough.

STELLA. Generous man! — And now, if you will but conduct this lady to her brother, Sir Edward Bloomly —

SPUNGE. Sir Edward! — What! his sister?

ELINOR. I am, Sir; and, if my brother's friendship can be of any service to you, I'll answer for it, that his house, table, and purse —

SPUNGE. Say no more.— “Come, jolly Bacchus!” — I'm snug for life — once in a baronet's house, the devil can't get me out again — come along.

SCAT. [*Without.*] Watch the back gate — mind she don't escape that way.

STELLA. There — the house is surrounded; and he, though well inclined, can't fight against them all.

SPUNGE. No — that I can't — I can't fight — I disposed of all my courage on one occasion — I fought a duel; and my hair has stood on end ever since — however, we may manœuvre — let me see —

ELINOR. I hear them coming — oh, my friend!

SPUNGE. I have it — we will fight him: but it shall be with his own weapon — darkness — first, out go the candles, — and now each lay hold of an arm; and two to one but we all sup with Sir Edward — No matter what he gives us —

E

I'd

I'd rather drink small-beer with a gentleman,
than Burgundy with a scoundrel.

[*Elinor has hold of one arm — Stella of the other.*]
Hush! — not a word!

Enter SCATTER. [*The stage is dark.*]

SCAT. In the dark! — what! afraid of shewing
your blushes, my little moralist? — Soft! I hear
her — [*Lays hold of Stella.*] — there — I have you.

SPUNGE. Natural enough. [*Exit with Elinor.*]

SCAT. There — I told you I never failed with
a woman. — And now —

Enter Old WOODLAND, Mrs. SCATTER, and two
SERVANTS with Lights.

Mrs. SCAT. Look! I knew I was right —
there's Stella.

Old WOOD. And there's my son — Why Tom
— You reprobate — [*Pulling Scatter round*] —
Zounds! it's the banker.

Mrs. SCAT. Heavns! — Where's Young
Woodland then?

SCAT. Where's little morality?

Old WOOD. And where's my deposit money?
— Look ye — where is it, Sir?

SCAT. It's here — it's there — [*putting his hand
on each pocket*] — it's every where — But the girl
— surely it was her I laid hold of — [*Sees Mrs.
Scatter*] No, it was Kitty! — Damme! there's con-
nubial love for you — I was going to elope with
my own wife! — but mum — she's in that room
— steady — I'm off.

Mrs. SCAT. Stay, Sir — I insist on an explana-
tion.

Old WOOD. Ay, Sir — what we want is an
understanding.

SCAT. Give me your hand — you're a d——d honest fellow — you do want an understanding — it's lucky for you, I've enough for both — enough to keep your accounts, manage your bank, and dispose of your deposit-money. — So good-night; and make yourself easy. — Look, here it is! — Here's the purchase-money. — [*Holding up a purse.*] — I tell you what, though — if the auctioneer don't make haste, I shall be beforehand with him. — Going — going — gone! [*Exit.*]

Old WOOD. He's worse than my son. — He shall never enter my doors again! — and for you, miss Stella — answer me — who wrote you this letter?

STELLA. It was written by a young lady who lodges at this house.

Old WOOD. Girl — girl — you're as bad as your guardian — but come, let's leave him — let's go home — [*Mrs. Scatter weeps*] Nay! I don't involve you in his crimes — I believe you're as much deceived as myself — only I beg we may hear no more of conjugal affection — I've had quite enough of that for my life time.

Mrs. SCAT. Nay, uncle — what motive can Mr. Scatter have?

Old WOOD. What motive! why, the love of fashion, to be sure — and, to do him justice, he'll succeed eminently — for fashion is ever obtained by such profligate conduct as his and my son's, and never by actions of virtue, generosity, or humanity. [*Exeunt.*]

END OF ACT THE SECOND.

E 2

A C T III.

SCENE—*Outside of Hotel in a Sea-port Town.*

SPUNGE *crosses the stage, and rings at the bell.*

SPUNGE.

NOW for it — now to be introduced to Sir Edward. — [*William enters from the hotel.*] — Come, shew me to him — shew me to him.

WILLIAM. Sir, my master's not at home — he's gone to bathe.

SPUNGE. Hem! — next time he goes to bathe, bid him take his elbow with him — look — see it sticking out of that window — Come — I'm his sister's friend — saw her home last night — too late to be introduced then — so promised to call in the morning.

WILLIAM. Oh, if you're Miss Elinor's friend, I'm sure Sir Edward will be glad to see you — never was brother so fond of a sister; and he would have been here three days ago, if the gout hadn't attacked him on the road.

SPUNGE. The gout! oh, I'm glad he has the gout — that's a sign he feeds high, and drinks Burgundy — pray now — between ourselves — what sort of a fellow is Sir Edward?

WIL-

WILLIAM. One of the best living — he is, perhaps, somewhat hasty in his temper :—but he is young——

SPUNGE. Young ! — what ! about thirty ?

WILLIAM. Thirty ! — he's not sixteen.

SPUNGE. Not sixteen !

WILLIAM. No : a ward in chancery, Sir — and what's very extraordinary, he now knows more of the world than any of his ancestors did at three times his age—why, 'tis but a month ago he fought a duel.

SPUNGE. A duel ! — zounds ! — I knew the breed of boys was pretty forward, but never heard of such a forced plant as this — a duel ! — how was it ?

WILLIAM. You shall hear, Sir — an old schoolfellow of his — a Mr. Woodland, having been swindled and arrested by one of your stockjobbing gentry, my master paid the debt ; and Mr. Woodland was no sooner gone abroad, than the stockjobber made more demands, which Sir Edward wouldn't pay — on this, words ensued — he ridiculed my master's youth — this he laughed at — but when the stockjobber called Mr. Woodland a scoundel, Sir Edward was so enraged, that he struck him, and a challenge was the consequence.

SPUNGE. Well ! and did the boy fight ?

WILLIAM. Did he ? — ay : and the first shot lamed the stockjobber, for life — hit him in the hip.

SPUNGE. What ! made him a lame duck ? — I'm glad of it : and if he'd often go and take a day's shooting at the Stock Exchange, it would be much for the health of the nation — but here he comes — here's the little hero.

Enter

Enter Sir EDWARD and ELINOR from the Hotel.

ELINOR. You are, indeed, much altered, brother, since I and my poor father went to Montpellier — 'tis three years ago; and you were then a school boy —

EDW. No: I was a man then — I've been a man these five years; and when men at sixty affect to be boys, why shouldn't boys at fifteen affect to be men? — besides, is wisdom confined to age? — mayn't I have seen as much of the world in one year, as a pedant has in twenty? oh! when you know all, Elinor, you'll find I'm a match for any man living.

ELINOR. Think not I complain — you are kind beyond my wishes: — and if I thought we should never part —

EDW. Part? — never! — unless either of us marry — and as for me — marriage is much too young a trick for a man of my experience — but you had a long journey, Elinor, after my poor father's death; and now I think on't — how came you to travel incog? — why change your name to Campbell?

ELINOR. Because I thought obscurity my best protection; and whilst the name of Bloomly might lead to enquiry, I thought that of Campbell — but we'll talk on't no more — I am happy now: and unless you are lured from me, by the charms of fashionable life —

EDW. Oh — that's quite gone by — I saw the folly of that, many — many years ago — yes: I saw the folly of fashionable life soon after I left my nursery — so don't be afraid of that rival, Elinor.

SPUNGE [*advancing.*] Can refrain no longer —
Sir

Sir Edward, you're right welcome, Sir Edward—always happy to take merit by the hand—on a first acquaintance, never saw a person I took such a fancy to—so elegant—so generous—and then your hitting the stock-jobber—oh! I'll stick to you through life.

ELINOR [*to Sir Edward, who is astonished.*] 'Tis the gentleman I told you of—he was most friendly to me on an occasion it is now unnecessary to mention.

EDW. Oh—if that's the case—I shall be happy to be better acquainted.—When will you dine with me, Sir?

SPUNGE. When will I not dine with you?—to-day, to-morrow—in short, death alone shall part us.—I'll go order dinner——

EDW. Stay—my sister will take that trouble.—Go in, Elinor; and when I've visited my friend, I'll return.—Oh—there is one thing I forgot to ask after—a thing I value more than all my father's fortune—his picture.

ELINOR [*alarmed.*] His picture!

EDW. Ay: the one he took with him to Montpellier.—Why, what's the matter?—what agitates you?—is it lost?

ELINOR. It is—and under such circumstances—oh! do not—do not upbraid me, brother.

EDW. Upbraid you! not for the world—I'm only sorry that I asked after it—upbraid you!—*[Kisses her]*—there—think on't no more. [*Elinor exit.*]

Enter WILLIAM.

WILLIAM. Sir, the curricie is ready.

SPUNGE. The curricie!—so it is!—come along—*[lays hold of Edward]*—I'll drive you.

EDW.

EDW. You drive me! — well! you shall, and to Woodland Grove, if you know the way——

SPUNGE. Know the way! — bless you! — I'm quite at home at Woodland Grove — drank tea there yesterday — meant to dine there to-day — good fruit, but bad butter. — Come — I'll whip you along.—I say, though—you are young, and Dick Scatter and his wife are knowing hands—pigeon you at faro — cassino.

EDW. Will they? — I wish they'd try.

SPUNGE. Don't — they'll coax you on — let you win at first.

EDW. I know it; and that's the way I win at last — that's the way I last winter broke two faro banks, ruined a score of blacklegs, and paid the debts of a distressed and unfortunate relation.

SPUNGE. Oh — come along — you don't want my instructions, I see.

EDW. No—you may save yourself the trouble. — Why, at twelve years old, when I was a boy at Eton, I rode a sweepstakes at New-market— at thirteen I went the grand tour—at fourteen I came to London—was elected member of all the fashionable clubs, and laid out for by all the notorious match-makers—but it wouldn't do—I was too old for them—ha! ha! —you grown-up people think yourselves vastly clever: but you forget “Men are but children of a larger growth!”

[*Exeunt.*]

A Room in Old WOODLAND'S House—Glass Doors leading to a Garden — Pictures.

Enter Mrs. SCATTER.

So — our affairs go on delightfully—Though
my

my uncle hasn't forgot the farm-house adventure, or forgiven my husband,—yet my influence is so great, that Young Woodland is about to undergo a closet lecture for having laughed at my nickname of *Shepherdefs*—the old gentleman vows he'll turn him out of doors, if he persists in ridiculing my pastoral disposition. Ay—ay: his bank and estate will be ours still.

Enter a SERVANT.

SERVANT, Madam, here's a young gentleman who says his name is Sir Edward Bloomly.

Mrs. SCAT. Sir Edward!—oh the pretty chicken!—he's an old friend of my husband's, so shew him up directly.—*[Servant exit]*—Dear, how unlucky, we mustn't play at cards in this house!—however, I'll return the visit, and then—here he is!—I must go put myself in order to receive him—sweet little innocence!—oh! I wouldn't take five thousand for his feathers.
[Exit.]

Enter Sir EDWARD and SERVANT.

EDW. Ha! ha!—I shouldn't be surpris'd if I never see Mr. Spunge and my curricule again—he insist'd on driving it five miles further, and I could hardly persuade him to call for me in his way home—he is the strangest creature—but where's my friend? where's Woodland?

SERVANT. Mr. Woodland!—Sir, I thought you wanted my mistress.

EDW. No, Sir—I want Mr. Woodland—call him directly.—*[Servant exit]*—in the mean time, as I'm a connoisseur in pictures—*[Spying at pictures]*—um!—Portrait of a little boy!—pooh!—
F a little

a little girl too! — upon my word, very intellectual subjects — I suppose we've a doll or a cradle in the middle. — No — this seems something in my own way — something manly — heavens! — it can't be! — it is! — my father's portrait! — the same he took with him to Montpelier! — how came it here? — who brought it to this house? — here's Woodland! — I'll sift this business to the bottom.

Enter Young Woodland.

Young Wood. Edward! — my friend! — my youthful benefactor! — how, how am I to thank thee? — to give me liberty, and risk your life —

Edw. Nay, that's all past, and I'm glad to see you, Woodland — [*shaking hands*] — but before we talk on other subjects, do tell me how that picture came in this house?

Young Wood. [*much agitated.*] That picture!

Edw. Ay: that — that reverend head — I saw it in a gallery abroad —

Young Wood. [*eagerly*] Do you know who it resembles?

Edw. No — don't you, Woodland?

Young Wood. Would to heaven I did! — if I could find him, he might restore a treasure to me. — Oh, Edward! — I'm the veriest wretch alive.

Edw. [*taking his hand.*] Woodland, what has happened? — tell me — confide in me — nay, nay — I would trust you.

Young Wood. You would, and therefore I'll disclose a story to you — sit down — [*they sit*] — One evening at Marseilles — 'sdeath! the recollection — [*Weeps.*]

Edw. Go on — if you love me, go on.

Young

YOUNG WOOD. Well then — one evening, while walking in a forest near Marseilles, I saw two women in the hands of robbers; — one they had wounded, and were about to destroy the other, when I snatched a pistol from the ruffian's hand, and in the end, fought and dispersed them.

EDW. Well, that was very heroic; — but the picture — come to the picture.

YOUNG WOOD. Be patient: — they proved to be an English lady and her servant, travelling from Montpelier. —

EDW. From Montpelier, say you?

YOUNG WOOD. Ay — and now mark the deep villany of him you call your friend! the servant being wounded, and unable to travel, I proposed conducting them to the nearest inn, and there, after passing many days alone — Oh that the tale had ended there! but 'twas decreed — she was betrayed, and I undone for ever.

EDW. You dared not!

YOUNG WOOD. It is too true — the time, the place, the circumstance — she grateful and unsuspecting — I treacherous and deceiving — in short, under a most solemn promise of marriage, she fell a victim to my arts; and I rescued her from assassins, only to give a deeper wound myself.

EDW. Her name — what was her name?

YOUNG WOOD. Elinor Campbell.

EDW. [*rising.*] You are a villain! — the worst of villains!

YOUNG WOOD. I grant I am a villain; but rather pity —

EDW. Pity! — no, Sir; — all the tears I have, will be shed for her, poor girl! — poor Elinor!

[*weeps*]—don't fancy this proceeds from weakness, Sir; for with the feelings of a boy, you know I have the spirit of a man!—but go on, Sir,—how came you by the picture?

YOUNG WOOD. In her hurry to escape from me, she left it behind her; and not knowing her family or place of residence, I preserved it as the only means of discovering her—I keep it as a talisman, Edward. — [*Edw. weeps on.*] Kind sympathizing boy!—Oh! had my uncle but possessed these feelings! had he, like him, thus felt compassion for an unknown sufferer, she had not been deserted, nor I been ever wretched.

Enter a SERVANT.

SERVANT. Sir, your father desires to see you in his study immediately:—he is now waiting.

YOUNG WOOD. I'll come to him:—you see we're interrupted; but wait till I return, and I'll convince you—

EDW. Convince me!—hark ye, Sir—take my advice—don't pursue her.

YOUNG WOOD. Not pursue her!

EDW. No, Sir—she may have relations—she may have a brother—an affectionate brother, Sir—who, to gratify his own resentment, would not mind exposing his sister's shame—but I, Sir—

YOUNG WOOD. You!—why, how—

EDW. True—how does it concern me?—her name's Campbell—she's not my sister—no—if she were, I'd blow your wicked brains out; but why ar'n't you gone, Sir?—don't you hear your father's waiting for you?—Go—go Woodland—I'll wait till you return.

[*Woodland exit.*]

EDW.

EDW. [*alone.*] How I could have beat him! — with what pleasure could I have broke every bone in his infamous composition! — what shall I do? — shall I, by the hackneyed mode of marriage! — marriage! — what! — sacrifice her to a man she must detest? — no — I disdain such paltry reparation — shall I then challenge him? or shall I conceal my sister's shame, and triumph over my own animosity? — that will be true courage — that will be acting like a man! and therefore — [*swallowing his anger.*] — away all puerile petty inclination — I'll smother my resentment, if I burst! — and yet — I should like to touch him — just gently throttle him for half an hour! — Oh villain! villain!

Enter SPUNGE.

SPUNGE. So — here I am — safe and sound — only one accident — only overturned once, and broke the mare's knees. —

EDW. [*not attending to him.*] He simply knows her by the name of Campbell: and if the picture were disposed of — but for that, he never may discover her — I'll consider —

SPUNGE. Consider! — what! when dinner's waiting! — come.

EDW. I have it — I'll employ him. — Look ye Sir — do you wish to do me a favour?

SPUNGE. There's a question! — hav'n't I drove your curricl? — don't I mean to dine with you? — and hav'n't I promis'd to stick to you through life? — isn't that doing you a favour?

EDW. Well, Sir — if you wish to extend your civilities, take down that picture, and convey it secretly to my apartment.

SPUNGE. Secretly! — what, isn't it your own?

EDW.

EDW. Ask no questions — take it directly — how! — don't you understand me?

SPUNGE. I do — hanging costs nothing, to be sure; but I'd rather live at my own expense, than die at any body's else.

EDW. What do you mean, Sir?

SPUNGE. Mean! — that, while there's any other mode of living cheap, damme if I steal furniture.

EDW. Steal! — Look at me, Sir. — I'll answer for the robbery. [*Takes down picture.*] — There! — Now will you obey my orders? [*Spunge shakes his head.*] — Mighty well, Sir! — Our acquaintance ends.

SPUNGE. Don't — don't talk of it. — I would not lose your acquaintance for the world; you're so much of the gentleman! — you drive such horses, and give such dinners! — Oh, the man deserves to starve, that would not risk his neck for you! [*Takes picture from Edward.*] — But, mind, if it's felony, you're to be hanged — not I.

EDW. I'll answer for the consequences. — There! — run through that garden, and not a soul will see you! — Above all, my sister: — hide it from her, I charge you. — 'Slife! here's somebody coming! — I'll detain them in conversation, and cover your retreat.

Enter Mrs. SCATTER.

Mrs. SCAT. Oh, Sir Edward! — this is such an honour! — I'm only sorry my uncle is so gothic, that I can't even ask you to drink tea, and play cards. [*Spunge exit at glass door.*]

EDW. Cards! — I've done with cards. — Chess is the game for people of our time of life.
Mrs. Scatter:

Mrs. SCAT. Our time of life! — Oh, very true! — for young people like you and I, Sir Edward. Bless me! — what are you looking at?

Edw. Nothing. He's gone! — he's safe! — and the story will be kept secret even from my sister! [*Aside.*] — Oh, that's some comfort! — Good day, Madam: — other cares demand my attention now. Good day!

Mrs. SCAT. Nay, Sir Edward, I wo'n't let you go, till you name some evening when I may return this visit. — I do long for a game of cassino — that is, in the family way — just for a trifle. — I never lose much, you know. — Come, now; when shall we meet, and — — [*Fondling him.*]

Edw. Fie! fie! Mrs. Scatter! — Consider, you're a married woman! — There: this is always my luck! — the young women call me child, and turn up their noses at me; but the old ones! — Ecod! they're all pulling caps and wigs for me! — But I can't stay now — so tell Scatter to call, and I'll name some evening —

Mrs. SCAT. Will you be so obliging? — Nay, allow me to see you to your carriage. — I have him: — the young pigeon's caught! — This way, Sir Edward. — Oh, I would n't take ten thousand for his feathers! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE. — *A Room in the Hotel.*

Enter ELINOR with a book in her hand.

ELINOR. Yes: — “all happiness is mingled with alloy!” and even my brother's kindness — even that brings sorrow with it; for, when I think how little I deserve his friendship, and know

CHEAP LIVING:

know that if a dark — dark tale should be revealed to him, how he would shun, abandon, and despise me! — Cruel, dreadful recollection! — But, see! — he comes to comfort, not upbraid me.

Enter Sir EDWARD.

ELINOR. Oh, Edward! — I'm so happy you're returned! —

EDW. Happy! — Are you happy, Elinor? — Well, well! — The fault was not yours.

ELINOR. The fault! — What fault?

EDW. [*Taking her hand.*] When I press her hand — when I look at her — and think that, but for him, she had still possessed her mother's virtue and her father's honour, I cannot brook it. I can't, nor I wo'n't choak myself. Here, William! — my pistols! — Bring me my pistols directly. [*William enters, and exit.*]

ELINOR. Your pistols! — for what, brother?

EDW. To shoot —

ELINOR. Whom?

EDW. Why, him!

ELINOR. There's more in this than he reveals. Edward, what makes you talk so strangely? and look —

EDW. Nothing. — I never was in better spirits! — Ha! ha! — quite merry — quite cheerful! [*William re-enters — Edward snatches a pistol out of his hand, and presents it at stage doors.*] I should hit him! — I know the first shot would exterminate the scoundrel. There, — he's dead! [*Snapping the pistol.*]

SPUNGE *enters hastily with the picture, and sees the pistol presented at him.*

SPUNGE. Holloa! — what are you about? —
I'm

I'm frightened enough already; for the recollection, that the receiver of stolen goods was as bad as the thief, has so terrified me—*[Elinor looks at the picture with astonishment.]*

EDW. *[Aside to Spunge.]* Fool! blockhead!—did n't I charge you not to let my sister see the picture? begone—take it to my chamber—*[Elinor stops Spunge.]*—let him pass, Elinor.

ELINOR. *[Holding him, and looking at the picture.]* No—not till I am satisfied—it is! it is my father's portrait! and you got it—

SPUNGE. From Woodland Grove.

ELINOR. Heavens!—is he in England, then?—have you seen him?

EDW. *[Collaring Spunge.]* Liar!—you know I bought it—didn't I purchase it of a Mr.—Mr. Talbot?

SPUNGE. You did—I'll take my oath you bought it of Mr. Talbot; and as to stealing it from Young Woodland—*[Sir Edward presents a pistol at him.]*—don't—don't waste powder upon me!

EDW. Begone!—no reply—leave the room this instant. *[Spunge exit.]*

ELINOR. 'Tis too plain—the story is divulged, and he'll desert me—I see by his looks he will desert me—oh, brother! *[Falling at his feet.]*—I'm not deserving of your pity: but I've no other friend or relation upon earth; and if you cast me from you—Can you—can you forgive me?

EDW. What do you weep for, Elinor?—you don't see me so childish—no—I'm more manly—more—*[Weeps.]*—oh, my poor sister! *[Falls on her neck.]*

ELINOR. He weeps!—he pities me!

G

EDW.

EDW. My heart bleeds for you—pity is so mingled with affection, that I love you more than ever—but why do I stand blubbering here, whilst the wretch lives?—I'll load my pistols— I'll take such cool aim!—oh! your tears shall be revenged.

ELINOR. Hold—consider your youth—you are only a boy—

EDW. A boy! 'Slife!—I'm more of a man than he is—would I have taken advantage of a woman in my power!—would I have saved an innocent girl's life, only to make it a burthen to her?—oh! if this is being a man,—if this be arriving at years of discretion,—may I remain a boy—a weak inexperienced boy, as long as I live!

ELINOR. Well! but for my sake—if the story be made public, I shall be disgraced, exposed—

EDW. Ay: there it is—I must e'en gulp down my resentment, and be a philosopher.—Come—to-morrow we'll fet off for Yorkshire; and if you never meet this false, betraying—I should hit him—I know I should hit him.

ELINOR. If we should meet, he'll hardly recollect me—his own conduct has so impaired my health, that I'm quite an altered woman since he saw me—besides, I can so change my dress—

Enter WILLIAM.

WILLIAM. Sir, dinner's on the table.

EDW. Very well! Come, Elinor—the dark tale shall die with you, and a brother's attention atone for a lover's falsehood!

ELINOR. Ah! if our parents had been living—

EDW.

EDW. They would have acted as I have done — protected, not deserted — reclaimed, not exposed : — and by the fostering hand of a parent, many an unfortunate victim, that is now reduced to shame and desperation, might have been restored to happiness and honour. — [*Spunge peeps in.*] — Come you, Mr. receiver of *stolen goods* — why, what are you afraid of? — come and drown your cares in wine.

SPUNGE. What wine? Burgundy?

EDW. Ay! in Burgundy. — “Come, jolly Bacchus, &c.” — [*Exit with Elinor.*]

SPUNGE. Drown my cares in Burgundy! — ha! ha! we swim again — I’m an independent man — from this hour, I’ll be expensive — grateful — hospitable — Sir Edward’s house to me is open, and I’ll take care it shall be open house. — I’ll invite all those rich fingers that have lent me half guineas — all those poor actors that have sent me orders — and all those very poor members that have given me franks — oh! I’m an independent man! — [*Exit.*]

END OF ACT THE THIRD.

A C T IV.

SCENE—*A View in the Sea-port Town.**Enter WOODLAND and HARRY.*

WOODLAND.

WELL! — what success, Harry? — have you heard any thing of the picture?

HARRY. No, Sir — I can't find the picture any where; and I'm sure it must have been taken away from some secret mischievous motive.

WOOD. 'Sdeath! who can be so malignant? — so —

HARRY. What do you think of your old friends Mr. and Mrs. Scatter! — wouldn't they commit any mean action to torment and distress you? — but cheer up, Sir — here's a kind letter from your father.

WOOD. How! does he relent? — does he recall me, Harry? — [*reads.*]

“ Sir,

“ When you reflect on your own conduct, you
 “ cannot condemn mine. — Your profligate beha-
 “ viour at Marseilles — your refusal of the wife I
 “ selected for you — and, above all, your continued
 “ insolence to Mrs. Scatter, to that most amiable
 “ woman — are sufficient motives for bidding you
 “ quit my house; — but to shew you I still take

“ an interest in your welfare, enclosed is a bill for
 “ three hundred pounds; and if you conduct your-
 “ self with propriety, you shall never want support
 “ from your

“ Neglected father !”

HARRY. There, Sir !—oh !—one day or other the old gentleman will find out Mrs. Scatter's real character, and then — but somebody's coming !— I'll proceed in my search of the picture.

WOOD. Do, Harry, and spare no pains to recover it. [*Harry exit.*] Yes: they have triumphed ! and I could yield up the fortune without complaining ; but to lose the affections of a father, that, spite of his unkindness, I still honour and revere !— and to see him duped !— perhaps ruined — beggared !— 'sdeath ! I can't bear the thought of it— I'll return and warn him !— No — no — though his doors are open to Mr. Scatter, they are shut against me. At the intercession of this amiable woman, his crimes are forgotten ; and I've for ever lost the kindest parent and the best of friends !—

Enter SCATTER and SIR EDWARD BLOOMLY.

SCAT. I tell you, my wife insists on coming to play cassino with you — Nay, nay, we have known one another a long time.

EDW. We have : and therefore we won't play at cassino for a long time. Woodland here ! Scoundrel !— what can he want !— I suppose he has missed the picture, and comes — well — let him — I'd rather he'd pick a quarrel — I should like just to — [*Clenches his fist — Woodland turns round.*]—ah, Woodland !—How d'ye do, Woodland ?

WOOD. My friend ! [*Shaking hands with Edward,*]

EDW.

EDW. I griped him—I squeezed him hard, however.

SCAT. [*to Woodland.*] So, Sir—I understand it has been kindly whispered that I and my wife have purloined a favourite picture from you—did you ever hear any thing so scurrilous or contemptible?—[*to Edward.*]—as if a gentleman would thief an old trumpery piece of canvas!

EDW. Very true—as if a gentleman would thief an old trumpery piece of canvas—and particularly you, whose time is so much better employed in playing cassino—why I should n't be surpris'd if he accus'd me next.

SCAT. Oh, no—he won't accuse you—he's too fond of your sister, as he calls her.

EDW. My sister!

SCAT. Ay; do you know he had the impudence last night to give Miss Bloomly for a toast.

WOOD. Have a care, Sir; or you'll again enrage me—

EDW. Speak on, Sir—what Miss Bloomly?

SCAT. Ay: that was my question—“what Miss Bloomly?” says I—“Sir Edward's sister,” says he—“Oh ho!” says I—“you'd make my wife drink a kept mistress, would you?”—ay—ay—I knew the story of the farm-house—so I explained it to his father; and the old gentleman very properly repented the insult by shewing him out of the room.

EDW. Is this true, Woodland?

WOOD. It is: and to you I've to apologize, for naming a sister whom I have not the honour of knowing—but for him—mark me, Sir—[*taking Scatter aside*]*—*though a stranger to Miss Bloomly, regarding her for her brother's sake, I am ready to vindicate her character in any way you please.

SCAT.

SCAT. I dare say you are: and when I was as poor as you, I was as ready to fight as you — but now I'll fight no man that isn't my equal — that isn't heir to five thousand a year — and you — you are disinherited!

EDW. Disinherited, Woodland!

WOOD. Even so — the dispute of last night confirmed my father's resentment; and my enemies have supplanted me in his fortune and affection. 'Sdeath! was it not enough to lose the object of my love, but I must also be deserted by my father? — Oh, Edward! I've now no friend but you! — and if you abandon me! — but you will not! — no — thank Heaven! — I have not injured you — farewell! we shall meet again.

EDW. Where are you going, Woodland?

WOOD. In search of the picture; and whoe'er is the purloiner, [*looking at Scatter*] his punishment shall be exemplary. — Farewell! and pray entreat your sister to forgive me; for I don't know why, I feel such strong and brotherly affection towards her, that if I thought she were in danger —

EDW. [*shaking hands with him.*] What — would you protect her, Woodland?

WOOD. Ay: I would protect her with my life, Edward; and prove, that though I once felt gratification at reducing a woman to distress, I can still feel greater at relieving one from it! [*Exit.*]

SCAT. Upon my word, I'm under great obligations to you and Miss Bloomly — that toast was the climax that completed his disgrace — kicked a mean fellow out of a hundred thousand pounds, and seated a gentleman in his place.

EDW. William! — my curricule directly.

[*William exit.*]

SCAT. Your curricule! — why, where are you going?

EDW.

EDW. To Woodland grove — to restore Woodland to his father — to kick a mean fellow out of a hundred thousand pounds, and seat a gentleman in his place.

SCAT. 'Sdeath! — are you mad? — Stay where you are, I insist —

EDW. No, Sir — Woodland is the last man on earth I would owe an obligation to; and when I compare him to you and Mrs. Caffino — Oh! his father wants instruction — so I'll go give the old gentleman a few lessons.

SCAT. You give him lessons! Hark'ye — if you utter one word against me or my wife — but psha! — what am I afraid of? — a boy, an urchin, an half-finished composition!

EDW. Half-finished composition! — zounds! be cautious in your language, or else —

SCAT. Else, what?

EDW. Nothing — your age protects you.

SCAT. Age protects me! — why, you young jack-anapes, I'm not —

EDW. Lord! I know what you're going to say — you're not thirty — what then? — you're of the Bond-street, the full-grown baby breed, and at twenty comes decrepitude — at thirty dotage — and at forty second childhood. Oh! I'd fight a dozen of you!

SCAT. You fight! — I've a great mind to treat you as you deserve — put you in my pocket, and drown you in the next puddle. — But go your ways — go meet the fate of Woodland — get turned out of doors for impertinence. — I have business elsewhere — so your servant, stripling.

Re-enter WILLIAM.

WILL. Sir! yonder is the curriole.

EDW.

EDW. So I see; — and, as usual, Mr. Spunge performing the office of coachman: — Well — his company may be useful. — I say, Mr. Scatter — in the words of Homer let me advise you — Homer! — nay, I beg pardon: — it's so long since you left school, that it's insulting you to talk learnedly to you.

SCAT. Insulting me!

EDW. Yes; boys are the only scholars: — indeed, we're the only clever fellows — and in love or in literature — at cards or at cricket — in short, from a battledore to a bullet, you'll find the young one is a match for the old ones! So farewell, most ancient, perfect, finished composition! [Exit.

SCAT. I defy him — my wife is a match for him, or the devil's in it; and the bank and estate are as certainly ours. — Oh! how I long to be in possession! — A man without money is nothing — if he's witty, nobody understands him — if he's impudent, he's turned out of society — but, backed by a hundred thousand — oh! impudence becomes pleasantry and wit — damme! people laugh at the jokes before they hear them. — Aye; only see me in possession — that's all — only see me in possession. [Exit.

An Apartment in Old Woodland's House — a Table and Chairs — Glass Doors in the flat — Backgammon board on the Table, and a Side-board, with Variety of Plate on it.

Enter Old WOODLAND in his Night-gown, and STELLA with a bottle in her hand.

WOOD. Thank ye, Stella — put down my physic — put down my bottle of medicine, and I'll go to-bed. [*She puts the bottle on the table — a wine glass is near it.*] There — good night.

H

STELLA.

STELLA. Good night, Sir ! but, before I go, mayn't I once more intercede for your son ?

Old WOOD. Go along with you — and, instead of talking about that libertine, go and imitate Mrs. Scatter — copy my shepherdefs.

STELLA. Your shepherdefs ! — dear Sir, will you never see that you are imposed upon ? — why, 'tis but yesterday I heard her tell my guardian, she was glad the sun shone so brightly, because —

Old WOOD. Because what now — heh ?

STELLA. Because doctor Fallible had told her, that a fortnight's hot weather would kill you to a certainty.

Old WOOD. Indeed ! — now, that's a lie on the face on't ; for the doctor knows it's no such easy matter to kill me — no — no — he has prescribed for me these twenty years ; and yet here I am alive and merry, and not likely to ride in one of his carriages for some time.

STELLA. One of the doctor's carriages ! — why, he keeps none — he always walks.

Old WOOD. I know it ; but he takes care his patients shall ride in carriages ; — apply to him, and you'll be in a hearse in a fortnight — hearses I call doctors' carriages — but go — go — I want to take my composing draught — good night. [Stella exit.] Ah Tom ! Tom ! [*sitting down*] this is all owing to you — your undutiful behaviour has thrown me into such an agitation, that I can't eat or sleep without — [*takes the physic*] so — it must be wholesome, it's so nasty — and now to-bed.

SPUNGE [*without*]. Follow me — I'm quite at home, Sir Edward. [Spunge and Sir Edward enter.]

Old WOOD. Heh ! — who have we now ?

SPUNGE. Here I am, Squire — better than my word, you see — not only come myself, but brought a friend

a friend along with me— Sir Edward, the squire — Squire, Sir Edward — mum! — ask him to supper — he'll stay [*aside to Old Woodland*]. You'll stay supper, won't you, Sir Edward?

Sir EDW. With the greatest pleasure, Sir — I came to give you a few lessons — I'm told you know nothing of the world — and, as I know a great deal — *Experientia docet*, Sir.

SPONGE [*at the table, pouring out a glass of physic.*] With all my heart. — *Experientia docet*. [*Drinks, and spits it out again.*] — ha! ha! damnation! — your wine's worse than your butter!

Old WOOD. That's justice — that will be a lesson to you; and I wish it had been poison instead of physic — but look ye — hear me, you two marauders — instantly account for your coming to my house at this hour of night, or —

EDW. None of the angry boy, old gentleman — none of the angry boy, I beseech you — in the first place, I understand you have deserted your son, and adopted a female faro banker.

Old WOOD. What! reflect on my shepherdes!

EDW. Shepherdes! — oh — aye — true — sheep have always rooks about them! Come, that's very well.

SPONGE. Bless you! he knows all about it — he goes halves.

Old WOOD. [*aside.*] I will. I'll go make out a warrant, and commit them both directly. — Gentlemen — I must keep them in the dark, lest they escape — Gentlemen, I've considered what you've said, and I'll go consult with a friend.

EDW. Aye; I thought I should correct you.

Old WOOD. You have — and now I'll correct you [*aside*]. I'll soon return — in the mean time, as there are no cards in the house, will you amuse yourselves

yourselves with a game of backgammon? — your servant, Gentlemen. — They're two housebreakers — father and son — and I'll have them both snug in the county gaol. *[Exit.]*

SPUNGE. Bravo! he's gone to order supper — and now what say you? Shall we take his advice? play at backgammon?

EDW. No; don't degrade the box: if you must play, throw a generous main *[sits down, and takes hold of the dice-box.]* Come, where's your stake?

SPUNGE *[in a melancholy tone.]* My stake!

EDW. What! you've no cash? — well, never mind; we play on trust.

SPUNGE. Don't — I hate trust — lend me those five guineas *[takes them from Sir Edward.]* There — there's my guinea.

EDW. Seven's the main! — seven! — ha, ha! I win. Come, — your stake.

SPUNGE. Well, there — I'll be desperate: there's another guinea.

EDW. Seven! — ha, ha! — nick. Come — again.

SPUNGE. No — never lose more than two guineas at a time. Pocket the other three. *[aside.]*

Enter Mrs. SCATTER.

Mrs. SCAT. Mercy on me! that wretch here again! you, too, Sir Edward! and gaming so near my uncle's chamber!

EDW. *[holding up the dice-box, and rattling it]* I say, Mrs. Scatter, don't you hear the glorious sound? — don't the music thrill through every vein? — seven! *[throwing, and looking, and laughing at Mrs. Scatter.]*

Mrs. SCAT. For shame! you'll wake my uncle.

EDW. Come, you know you can't resist; you may

may as well play at once. — Seven ! you never lose, you say [*still shaking the box at her.*]

Mrs. SCAT. I should like to pigeon the young reprobate ; my fingers itch for it ; and if I thought my uncle wouldn't wake —

EDW. Spunge, I'll bet you five she plays.

SPUNGE. Done. — I'll bet you five she don't.

Mrs. SCAT. Then I will play, on purpose that you may lose. Come, give me the box ; and, that we may make no noise, let us throw on a doiley. Oh, this is charming ! — delicious ! — there — there's all I have — ten guineas.

EDW. Very well. Seven ! nick ; ha, ha ! I win.

Enter, from the Door in the flat, Old WOODLAND, and two Servants.

Old WOOD. Softly ; tread softly. We'll steal upon them by surprise. Hallo ! what's there ! [*He pauses, and observes behind.*]

Mrs. SCAT. Was there ever such luck ? — I've no more cash.

EDW. Hav'n't you ? — Well — you've what's as good — as mistress of this house, you are in possession of jewels, plate — [*Looks at the side-board*] — there now — that silver cup — I'll set you twenty against that silver cup.

Mrs. SCAT. Will you ? — Oh, that's very kind of you. —

[*Goes to side-board and brings away the silver cup.*]

Old WOOD. Very kind, upon my soul. [*Aside.*]

Mrs. SCAT. Now for it — here it is. —

[*Putting the cup on the table.*]

EDW. I say — if the 'squire was to see us playing at hazard for his own plate !

Mrs. SCAT. Never mind — now I've once begun,

gun, I'd sooner lose all the furniture in the house than leave off: — here — I'll throw this time — [*Takes the box*] — Five's the main, and at all in the ring. [*As she raises her arm to throw, Old Woodland lays hold of it. — She lets the box fall.*]

EDW. Ha! ha! — look at the shepherdefs now!

SPUNGE. Ha! ha! — natural enough.

EDW. [*Picking up the dice-box.*] Look at her Arcadian crook. — Oh! I said the young one would be a match for the old ones.

SPUNGE. Why, 'Squire, you just came in time.

OLD WOOD. So it seems — if I had staid ten minutes longer, I should have lost the coat off my back. — Oh, I see it all — I've been a credulous old fool, and you, Madam —

Mrs. SCAT. Nay, uncle, it was no fault of mine — I was decoyed by that young hypocrite —

OLD WOOD. Decoyed by a boy! — more shame for you; and if you have no better excuse, prepare to quit my house directly — and your husband — take your fond shepherd along with you. — I've been too long a dupe to your arts; but henceforth I'll behave as a father ought to do — I'll be a friend to my son, and an enemy to all Burgundy-drinkers and faro-bankers.

EDW. Well said! — I knew my lessons would improve you — you're a fine boy; and in time I shall make a man of you — but for you, Mrs. Scatter — Ha! ha! — why what a sap you must be! — at your time of life to be beat by an urchin, a child, a half-finished composition! — Upon my word, you and your fond shepherd are the two greatest flats I ever met with.

Mrs. SCAT. For shame! What right has a boy to affect manhood?

EDW. A better right than a woman has to affect manhood,

manhood. Which is best qualified to rattle a dice-box — a boy or a woman? — Oh, man! man! — you'd better look about you! for if children grow so experienced, and women so masculine, you'll certainly meet your deserts — be deemed a superfluity, and shoved out of the creation! — but see — yonder's Mr. Scatter — go, go, and console the old gentleman.

Mrs. SCAT. I will: and he shall resent my injuries. — Don't fancy I'm mortified or vexed, or — no — I'm quite content — quite content! quite happy! Oh! oh! oh! [*Bursts into tears.*] — I'll be revenged, you may depend on't. [*Exit.*]

SPUNGE. Hallo! — won't you take a back hand for some silver spoons?

Old WOOD. And now, my little schoolmaster, how shall I thank you? to open my eyes — restore my son to me — instruct — advise! — Why, if you grow wiser as you grow older, Solomon will be a Cymon to you — but come — let's send for Tom, and all sit down to supper together.

SPUNGE. So we will — get better wine, though, damme! — get better wine — treat the little hero like a gentleman. — Come along — is n't he a noble youth?

Old WOOD. He is — only, he'll excuse me — were I a boy like him, I wouldn't be so fond of playing hazard and faro.

EDW. And were I a magistrate like you, there should be no hazard or faro at all: — I'd enforce the law, and not commit one poor culprit for decoying game, till I had destroyed all those rich ones, who ensnare unsuspecting youth, and annihilate domestic happiness.

A C T V.

SCENE — *A Street in the Town, and View of the Sea.*

Enter Sir EDWARD BLOOMLY.

EDWARD.

SO — I've only to blot the story from my memory — I've taken leave of Woodland; and he and Elinor will never meet again.

Enter SPUNGE in a travelling great coat, cap, &c.

EDW. What! you persist in going to Yorkshire, do you?

SPUNGE. Certainly — said I'd stick to you — look — got on my travelling dress.

EDW. Your travelling dress! — I rather think it mine — Ill swear to this box great-coat.

SPUNGE. So it is — it is yours; — ha! ha! — mistook it for my own. — Now it's on, I'll wear it for your sake — come — hey for Yorkshire! — this is what I like — jolly party — pleasant journey, and travelling at other people's expense.

EDW. Natural enough: — pray, Spunge, how long is it since you paid for a dinner?

SPUNGE. How long! — let me see — oh — three years ago — remember it well — dined at the
8 Bedford

Bedford — bill, fourteen shillings — I not one in my pocket.

EDW. Well! and what did you do?

SPUNGE. Borrowed a guinea of the landlord — paid my reckoning, and pocketed seven shillings by the dinner — that's the way to live cheap.

Enter STELLA. [hastily.]

STELLA. Oh, gentlemen — if you have any pity, protect me from my guardian — I have just escaped from him — he is in pursuit of me; and if he should overtake me —

EDW. Your guardian! — what, Mr. Scatter?

STELLA. Yes — he says, now he has lost Mr. Woodland's fortune, he has no hope but from mine; and though I some time ago accepted bills for twelve hundred pounds, which are now due and unpaid — yet he swears he'll shoot himself, if I don't sign a bond for two thousand more.

SPUNGE. Two thousand pounds! — never heard of such a sum — don't believe there was ever such a sum.

STELLA. I ran out of the house; and now —

EDW. We'll protect you — but how to avoid your guardian? —

STELLA. Aye, there's the difficulty — I know he is in pursuit; and if he catches me — look — heavens! — there's Mrs. Scatter!

EDW. So there is — come this way.

SCATTER [*without.*] You take that road — I'll take this — she can't escape then.

STELLA. There! it's all over — Oh, I'd rather live in a prison, than with such unfeeling, persecuting —

EDW. Live in a prison! — faith! — that suggests

gests a thought — did'n't you say you had accepted notes that are unpaid?

STELLA. I did.

EDW. Then mind, Spunge, and do as I order you — muffle up your coat — flap your hat, and hold your handkerchief before your mouth, and keep close to Stella — I'll try if I can't be a match for them a second time.

[Spunge and Stella go up the stage.

Enter SCATTER.

SCAT. Plague on the girl! — in attempting to lay hold of her, I shall be laid hold of myself — every shabby fellow I meet, I think has a writ against me — Ha! — who's here? — Oh, it's you, you little half-finished composition, is it?

EDW. I say, how's the shepherdefs?

SCAT. No more insolence, or, by heaven —

EDW. You'll put me in your pocket, and drown me in the next puddle — come, now — I'll make you amends — I will! — I'll shew you what you're looking for.

SCAT. You!

EDW. Aye: I'll tell you where your ward is — look — [*pointing her out to him*] — isn't that friendly?

SCAT. It is indeed — and thus I seize her — Zounds! — what ill-looking fellow's that? —

[*seeing Spunge.*

EDW. Come here — don't you know him?

SCAT. No — who is he?

EDW. A bailiff.

SCAT. A bailiff!

EDW. Yes: — he has arrested her for twelve hundred pounds, and has a writ against you.

SCAT.

SCAT. The devil! — I'm off — yet hold — if I lose my ward —

EDW. Lose her! — why she's safe enough, isn't she? — She's not going to Gretna Green with a lover — no — she's going to a spunging-house with a bailiff.

SCAT. True: and there I have her snug under lock and key — why, what an amazing clever little fellow you are!

EDW. What! — you've found it out, have you? — why, your wife found it out last night — [*Enter Mrs. SCATTER*] — didn't you, shepherdes?

Mrs. SCAT. Stand out of the way, Sir — I'm in search of — Ha! have I recovered you, Miss Stella?

[*Laying bold of Stella.*]

SCAT. [*taking Mrs. Scatter aside*] Be quiet — don't you see that fellow? — he's a bailiff — has arrested her, and got a writ against me — let him take her to his house — she'll be safe enough there — you understand.

Mrs. SCAT. I do — pass on, Sir — [*to Spunge*] — I beg I mayn't interrupt you.

[*Spunge bows respectfully.*]

SCAT. Civil fellow! — he fees, and don't molest me — I must reward him for his tenderness — here — give him these two guineas — they're the last of the family: — but —

Mrs. SCAT. Sir! —

[*to Spunge, offering him the two guineas.*]

SPUNGE. [*Snatching them from her*] Natural enough.

[*Exit with Stella.*]

SCAT. What was it he said?

EDW. He said it was quite enough — Ha! ha! he! he!

SCAT. Why, what are you laughing at?

EDW. I was laughing at your calling me a cle-

ver little fellow — ha ! ha ! — I am one, that's the truth on't — he ! he ! — I say, Mr. Scatter — she's safe enough now. *[Exit.*

SCAT. Yes — yes — she's out of danger ; and that I may be safe too, let's get out of the way as fast as we can — Come — in an hour you shall wait upon Stella —

Mrs. SCAT. Ah ! I'm afraid it's too late — our distresses are past redemption ; but never mind — we're used to them — and after all, when you think of the trouble of paying and receiving money — the fatigue of keeping accounts —

SCAT. Very true : and then, when you think of the comfort of never dining without hearing duns serenading in the hall — never sleeping without knowing that there are bailiffs to protect our property from fire and robbery — why, when you think of these luxuries, Kitty, money — money is a more troublesome commodity than you imagine.

[Exeunt.

SCENE — *A Wood.*

Enter Sir EDWARD and STELLA.

EDW. Yes, yes : I thought you would be safer under my protection ; therefore I ordered Mr. Spunge to accompany my sister — they are already set off, and now we'll follow.

STELLA. Sir Edward, what is the matter with Elinor ? — when I spoke to her in the post-chaise, she seemed much dejected ; and when by accident I mentioned the name of Woodland, she was so agitated —

EDW. Indeed ! — I'm glad she's gone then — she will never see him more.

Enter

Enter WILLIAM hastily.

WILLIAM. Oh, Sir Edward — such a misfortune — your sister —

EDW. My sister!

WILLIAM. Passing by Mr. Woodland's park-gate, the carriage broke down, and —

EDW. How! — is she hurt?

WILLIAM. No — but Mr. Woodland's servants coming to our assistance, and seeing the picture — my old master's portrait in the carriage, they said — indeed, Sir — I cannot speak it.

EDW. What did they say, Sir?

WILLIAM. They said, the thief is found — charged my mistress with the robbery; and, notwithstanding we told them she was your sister, they seized her and her companion as common malefactors, and carried them before the magistrate.

EDW. What magistrate?

WILLIAM. Old Mr. Woodland, Sir.

EDW. 'Tis false — 'tis impossible!

WILLIAM. 'Tis too true: and if you don't go directly, Sir —

EDW. Oh — if I forgive him this — Stella, this faithful servant will take care of you till I return — treated as a thief! — a malefactor, and by the man who betrayed — who — I can't support it — I feel I am a boy, and unequal to bear up against such complicated evils — but I forget my sister — follow me — I'm a man again. *[Exeunt.]*

An Apartment in Old WOODLAND'S House.

Old WOODLAND discovered sitting in his armed Chair — Clock and Table before him — on one Side Young WOODLAND and two Servants, on the other, ELINOR, SPUNGE, and two Constables
— ELINOR

— ELINOR *is veiled, and one of the Servants holds the Picture.*

Old Wood. Silence! — the magistrate speaks—
You, Tom, swear that the picture belonged to you?

Young Wood. I do, Sir.

Old Wood. And you both swear *[to servants]*
that you found the picture in the prisoner's possession?

SERVANTS. We do, Sir.

Old Wood. Then bring them forward: let me
have a look at them. *[Elinor and Spunge are brought forward, she veiled, and he in a travelling dress.]*
First, who are you, Sir?

SPUNGE. Oh, Squire! don't you know me?

Old Wood. Know you!

SPUNGE. Supt with you last night — drank tea
with you the day before — and meant to dine with
you to-morrow!

Old Wood. What! it's come home to you,
is it? Oh, this is an old offender. Make out a
warrant for him directly.

SPUNGE. An old offender! Lord! lord!
when I lived at other people's expense, little did I
dream of being hanged for it! — but if you punish
me, pray spare her — pray spare Sir Edward's sister.

Young Wood. Sir Edward's sister! Sir, not
for the value of the picture do I suspect them of
purloining it; but from some secret, some vindictive
motive: and *[to Old Woodland]* since they
persist in using and degrading an innocent lady's
name, I beg they may both be committed instantly.

Sir EDW. *[without.]* Where is she? where is
my sister?

SPUNGE. A reprieve! a reprieve!

Sir EDW. *[who enters.]* Does Woodland know
you, Elinor? *[taking her aside.]*

ELINOR. No. *[Aside.]*

EDW.

EDW. So, pupil! [*to Old W.*] much good my lessons have done you—but I hav'n't time to finish your education—so, to school! to school, at once.

Old Wood. I go to school?

EDW. To be sure.

SPUNGE. Aye, go to school.—Adieu.

Young Wood. [*stopping him*] Hold, Sir—where are you going?

SPUNGE. What's that to you, Sir?

EDW. Aye; what's that to you, Sir?

Young Wood. Edward, think me not ungrateful: but I have set such a value on that picture—my hopes and fears are so involved in it—that I must beg your sister to inform me, by what strange means it came in her possession.

EDW. She shall not answer you.

Young Wood. Not answer me!

EDW. No—shall not. Let that suffice, Sir.

Young Wood. Have a care—on any other subject I could bear much with patience: but on this—not e'en from you—

EDW. What! it galls you, does it?

Young Wood. You know it does. If she came fairly by the picture, there is no harm in answering the question—but if she purloined it—no matter what the motive—were she my sister—and being yours, I do esteem her as my own—I would not—nor I could not shew her mercy.

EDW. Indeed! [*Ironically.*]

Young Wood. No—the law must take its course.

Old Wood. To be sure it must—and is justice to be delayed, because she's your sister?—No; my young schoolmaster—the prisoners are found guilty.

EDW.

EDW. Prisoners, Sir!

OLD WOOD. Aye, prisoners. They are convicted on the evidence of my son and my servants; and were they the first people in the land, it is my duty, as an honest magistrate, to send them to prison: therefore away with them.

EDW. [*To constables who are seizing Elinor.*] Let her go! the first man that touches her, dies. Hear me, Sir! hear me, you — [*taking Young Woodland aside.*]

Young WOOD. Well, Sir.

EDW. You remember that you stole that picture.

Young WOOD. Stole it!

EDW. Aye, stole it from a lady in France, Sir! — there's an act of robbery! — then you've sworn it is your own — there's an act of perjury! — then you would take away an innocent girl's life — there's an act of murder — therefore let her go — let her pursue her journey; or the rope you design for their necks shall be twisted round your own — I'll expose you — I'll expose you, Mr. Woodland!

Young WOOD. Hold your licentious tongue — isn't she proved guilty of the theft?

EDW. Theft! well, if she is — is she to suffer for purloining a piece of canvass, and you go unpunished for stealing the dearest jewels in a woman's possession — honour, innocence, happiness? — is that law — is that justice? Look ye, Sir [*to Old Woodland*] — if you are the honest magistrate you describe yourself, let him be committed. I accuse him of the very robbery with which he charges her.

Old WOOD. Him! — whom?

EDW. Him — that scoundrel!

Young WOOD. Scoundrel!

EDW. As I wish to shew I've still some friendship

ship

ship for you, I wish to save you from an ignominious death. Come — follow me, and I'll be your executioner.

Old Wood. You! — why, you young profligate, you would not fight a man, would you?

Edw. No — and yet I would fight him. Come, Sir! will you come? [*beckoning Young Woodland to follow him.*]

Young Wood. Lead on, Sir — yet stay — 'tis in a sister's cause, and he is young and headstrong, I forgive you, Edward, I forgive you.

Edw. That wo'n't do — we'll have no boys' play now, [*Elinor appeals to Sir Edward*] — nay Elinor, when you were wronged before, I wasn't near to protect you, but now — come out, Sir! what, afraid, are you — then somebody lend me a cane, and I'll convince him I'm old enough to chastise a coward.

Young Wood. Coward! — thus, then [*rushing to seize Edward*] — follow me, Sir, — follow me.

ELINOR. Oh, my brother, do not terrify me — [*Young Woodland breaks from his father, Elinor stops him*] let me entreat you, Sir [*he crosses her, she holds him*] — nay then — if miss Bloomly cannot detain you, perhaps Elinor Campbell can! — look! — [*she throws up her veil, Woodland is astonished.*] Oh, Woodland! if you've any pity, do not deprive me of the only consolation you have left me — spare but my brother, and I will kneel! — I will blels you!

Young Wood. Her brother! — the sister of my friend! — and I — Oh, villain! — villain!

Edw. Ay, look at the man now! — you call me profligate, Sir [*to Old Woodland.*] — no wonder if I am one, for when men set such opprobrious examples, is it strange that boys grow up to infamy and ruin?

Old Wood. I see it all — this is the lady he betrayed in France.

Edw. It is, Sir: and I conveyed away the picture to keep the story secret: but since it is divulged — will you fight, Mr. Woodland? If you've one remaining spark of friendship for him you have so injured, do pray — pray fight me. Scoundrel! — I should hit him — oh! — I know I should hit him.

Old Wood. Oh, Tom! Tom! — you're no son of mine — and if your mother were alive I'd tell her so to her face. Sir, — [to Edward] can an unhappy old father make you any amends?

Edw. None. Come, Elinor.

Young Wood. Stay — I only ask before we part for ever, that lady may be witness to my love and my remorse! — that I have wronged her my breaking heart can witness — for, from the day my uncle tore me from her — Oh! but for him, I had not known these agonies!

Old Wood. Psha! — it's too late now — what motive had you for accusing her?

Young Wood. Love! — I thought that it might lead to a discovery of all I held most dear, and it has! — I see her now before me! — I once again behold her! — yet in a moment I must lose them! — for ever lose all that I prize in friendship and in love! — Oh, Edward! — you used to call me brother!

Edw. Come away, Elinor — I don't half like it — I begin to be boyish again. — He has used us both shamefully, and yet — bless me! — how miserable he looks! — poor fellow! — I don't think he'll live long! — If you've any thing to say, Elinor — Why don't you speak? — don't stand shaking here, but speak out.

ELINOR.

ELINOR. I have nothing to say — only if his uncle caused our separation —

EDW. He did: and therefore, — Sir! — Woodland!

Young WOOD. My friend!

EDW. I did not speak, Sir — it was my sister.

Old WOOD. Come — come — I see you're half inclined to forgive him, and so am I — and if you will but make me father of such a daughter, Tom shall have one-half of my estate now, and the other at my death; — and it isn't far off; for if the match takes place, I shall die with joy! — Will you — will you consent?

SPUNGE. Do — love a wedding! — leads to at least one jolly party.

EDW. Well: since it must be so — there, Woodland — we are brothers in reality.

Old WOOD. Here! — order dinner — egad! we'll have a day of it.

SPUNGE. A day! we'll have a year of it! — Spread a table — lay a hundred covers — send to London for turtle, turbot, fiddlers, fingers, and Burgundy. Don't you trouble yourself — [*to Old Woodland*] — henceforward I'll be master of this house!

Old WOOD. Egad! — I believe yours is the best mode of living cheap after all — other people only save by retail —

SPUNGE. And I by wholesale! — what signifies saving and stinting yourself at home? — never have any home at all — live on the flats — they are always glad enough of your company.

Old WOOD. Are they?

SPUNGE. To be sure — man and wife — Mr. and Mrs. Woodland for instance — after the honey-moon, glad when a friend pops in to in-

interrupt the tête-à-tête—"My dear, I am so distre"—
—"and I so annoyed—aw! aw!"—[*yawning*]—
in I come—as I shall often—very—very often.—
"Ah, Spunge! glad to see you, Spunge!—stay
and eat mutton, my honest fellow!"—they de-
vour my discourse—I devour their dinner—all
parties are pleased;—and there's the true mode
of living cheap.

EDW. Well: for your kindness to my sister,
the more you honour me with your company,
the happier you'll make me—this is your re-
ward!—Elinor is your's, Woodland; and you—
[*to Old Woodland*]—in getting rid of two impos-
sible, are made happy.—But what will be my
fate?—I ask not reward—I only hope to escape
punishment.

If I have been too forward and too bold,
Consider, I may mend before I'm old;
But man or boy, believe me this is true—
My chief, sole pleasure is—in pleasing you!

END OF THE COMEDY.

EPILOGUE.

Written by JOHN TAYLOR, Esq.

SPOKEN by MISS DE CAMP.

WELL! how d'ye like the way of living cheap?—
What others sow with care with ease to reap.
Our friendly Bard has shewn you all the way
To share in ev'ry thing, yet nothing pay.
This Sponge is really an ingenious man—
Yet he but practises a modish plan;
Yes—he but represents a num'rous kind—
For ev'ry family its Spunge may find.
What are to them the burthens of the state!
Let grov'ling industry sustain the weight.
What is to them the mean parochial tax,
Who bear, like snails, their mansions on their backs
Should tradesmen clamour, and should writs assail,
The remedy's at hand—a friend must bail;
A friend, whose liberty is oft the price
That gives new scope to folly and to vice.
In short, at once the shifting tribe to draw,
A race of robbers, not proscrib'd by law.
Yet while our Bard would lash these men of prey,
Who live by shuffling arts from day to day;
Who, merely for some manual calling made,
Pretend to genius, and disdain a trade;
Ah! ne'er can he attempt, with wanton mirth,
To wound the man of real wit and worth;
To him, if fate the glitt'ring ore deny,
Wealth should with gen'rous pride the want supply;
For he, allur'd by fancy's dazzling rays,
Like summer myriads by the solar blaze;
Like them, too, thoughtless of the winter's cold,
The while surrounding sweets their charms unfold;
The world regarding as a transient toy,
And the true aim, the present to enjoy;

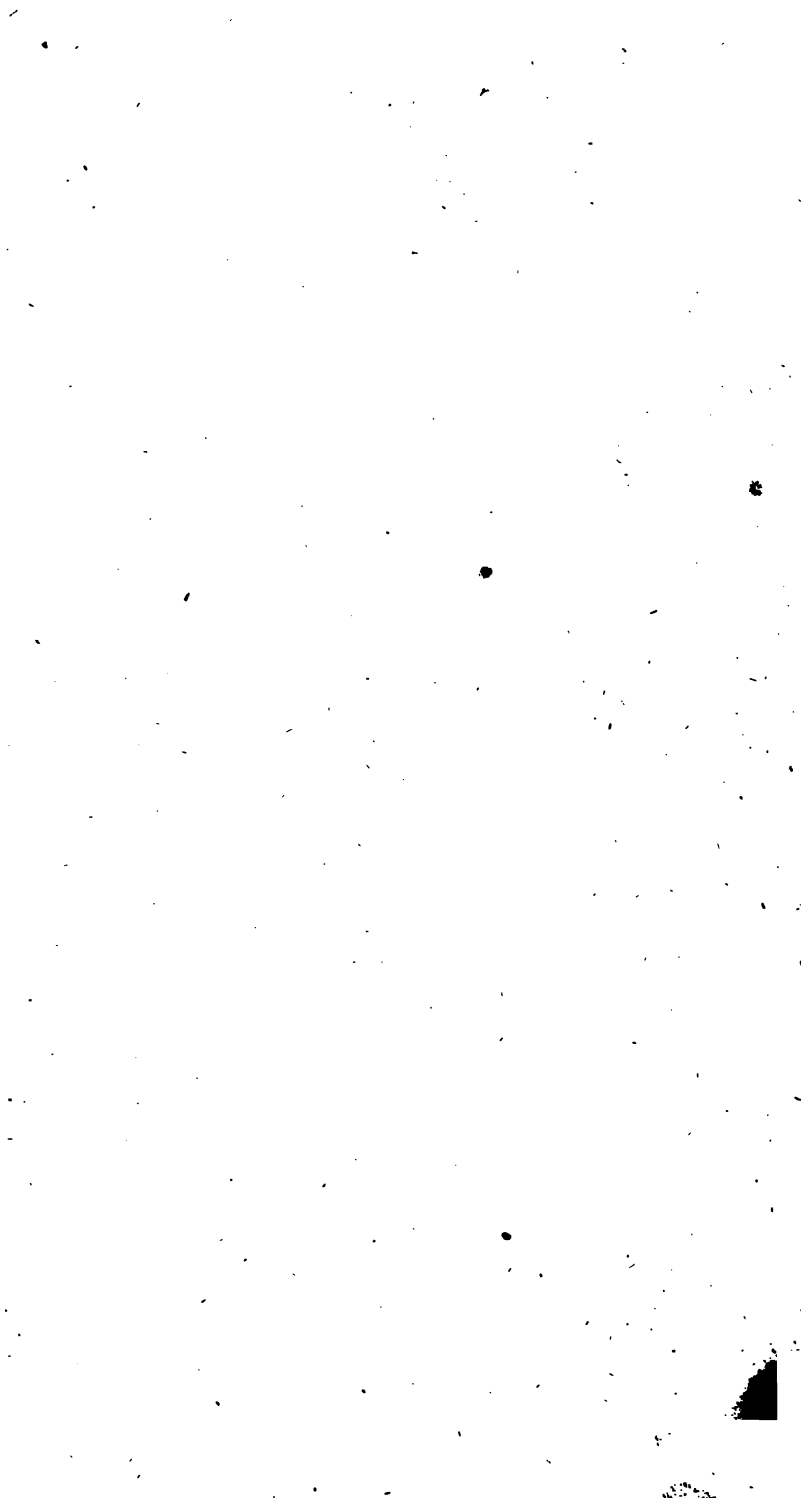
Fondly

EPILOGUE.

Fondly relies on Fortune's future care,
And leaves the dull her lasting gifts to share.
* " He gives the festive board its highest zest,
" Amid the pride of rank, a nobler guest.
" In his bright noon of life carefs'd by all,
" Till for new fav'rites Fashion dooms his fall.
" A chequer'd fate his waning years endure,
" Rever'd, yet slighted, fam'd, and yet obscure;
" At length distress o'erwhelms him, friendship flies,
" He droops unnotic'd, and forgotten dies!"
And now, ye moral censors, spare the play,
That strives to rout the locusts of the day.
So may the Spunges live no more on spoil,
But useful prove, and thrive by honest toil.

* The lines marked thus * were not spoken.





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